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THE HARVEST OF THE HEART.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY FRANK J. OTTARSON.

The season of harvest is ending;
What reap'st thou, O hopeful of heart?
Are there tares with the yellow grain blending?
Have thorns in the bundles a part?
Ah, little we know, at the sowing
Of seed that seems perfect and true,
What brambles and weeds will be growing
Where weed never grew.

By the sweat of thy brow, said the Maker,
Shalt thou live; and the curse is to-day
Wrought in fallow and thorns o'er each acre
That lies in man's sorrowful way.
When the blessing of rain is withholden,
He waters the soil with his tears;
And the corn that he hoped would be golden
Yields poor withered ears.

Not enough is the sowing; but watching
Through seasons of sunshine and rain,
With a care that shall know no relaxing,
Is needed to bring in the grain;
There are foes from without to be warded,
And foes from within to uproot;
No point can be safely unguarded,
If we would have fruit.

To the heart that lies pulseless and fallow
Bring the sound seeds of virtue and truth;
Let love and kind ministry mellow
The soil by the bramble made ruth;
With patience and watchfulness ceaseless,
The blossom and fruit will unfold,
And Autumn will bring in a priceless
Return of red gold.

RUBY:

OR,

A FAIRY OF THE FOOTLIGHTS.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY EDWARD E. KIDDER.

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CHAPTER XIV.—CONTINUED.

There was a grumble of remonstrance from the carpenters, who dragged out of sight the scene upon which they were working, and proceeded to close up the traps.

"Where is ze Mlle. Minnetta?" cried M. Bolinski.

A little shout in French could be heard in the distance, and then a tall, light-haired young woman walked slowly upon the stage. This was the famous "premiere danseuse," who captivated the hearts of the audience every night, but looked strangely unattractive now. Her face was pale and faded, her features were sharp, and her limbs bore no resemblance to that symmetrical pair that twinkled with such wild abandon before the "houses packed to suffocation." At a signal from the ballet-master the girls formed in a semi-circle, with the premiere in the centre, and proceeded to go through a series of complicated evolutions, accompanied by a single violin from the orchestra, and the encouragement, remonstrances and yells of the interested Bolinski, who greeted any particularly flagrant mistake with a little "dance" of rage and despair.

"Turnout ze toe—ze toe, not ze heel. Mon dieu! Now, everybozzy—one—two—three. Ah! shakass," and he literally tore his hair.

"If you mean me, Mr. Bolinski," exclaimed the offender, who was none other than our old acquaintance "Golden-hair," "you'd better teach people the steps before you expect 'em to know 'em; and I won't be called names by *you*, neither."

A little murmur of approval from the other girls followed this speech. The prompter thought it high time to interfere.

"Come, come, young ladies, no talking back in business. Can't allow it."

"Indeed, then," spoke up another of the girls, "and we won't ask *you*. You aint the manager, nor yet the stage-manager. It's enough for us to mind what *they* say. And if Mr. Bolinski don't want to be talked to, let him not try to 'sass' *us*."

That unfortunate gentleman, who was really of a somewhat excitable nature, elevated his hands in horror at all this disturbance.

"Ladies, *ladies*," he said meekly, "I meant nozzing. Pardon! Let us go on wiz ze dance."

The music recommenced and the rehearsal proceeded. The appearance of the "premiere secondo," or second premiere—a brunette, plump, petite and pretty—created a little ripple in the monotony, being the cause of a lively triangular discussion in French regarding the lateness of the lady, which was fast merging into an acrimonious quarrel, when the entrance of the stage-manager put an end to the war of words.

"Here, here," said that gentleman; "you may call this rehearsing, but I don't. You can have the stage just an hour for this ballet; and if that won't do, we'll cut out the whole thing."

The Frenchman shrugged his shoulders, and the wearisome attitudes and pirouettes were continued till the girls were too tired to dance any longer. Then the ballet was dismissed, to be "called" again at ten the following morning.

Ruby hastened gladly out into the fresh air, and, looking again at the address in Dick's letter, resolved to go directly to her brother before returning to Mrs. Peasely's to say farewell. She hailed a horse-car, and was soon on her way uptown, growing more and more agitated as she approached the street to which the note directed her. As she alighted, her limbs trembled, and it was with the greatest difficulty that she reached the sidewalk. The neighborhood was not a prepossessing one, but Dick would hardly live in one intensely respectable. The number sought was 148 West 42d street, and she found it with little difficulty. It was a low brick house, standing by itself, and with all the window-shutters closed except one in the basement, where a stout, red-faced woman sat engaged in sewing, which she laid down to answer the bell.

"I wish to see Mr. Ray," said Ruby as the door was opened.

"Oh yes, miss. You're his sister that he expects," was the good-natured reply. "Step right inside, please."

Ruby complied.

"Is he very ill?"

"Oh, dear, no. He's gone out for a short walk for the first time in some days. You was to wait till he came back."

The woman conducted Ruby up two flights of stairs into a medium-sized room, neatly furnished, but which seemed to be built in the centre of the house, as there were no windows, and it was lit by a skylight from above.

"Please take your things off and sit down. Your brother will be here soon."

She placed an easy-chair before the fire and left the room, but came back a short time after.

"Maybe you'd like a bit of lunch," she said, "or a cup of tea?"

"No, I thank you," replied Ruby. "I shall not remain here long. I will take lunch at my boarding-house."

The woman departed; but there was a peculiar smile upon her face, which Ruby did not observe.

The girl went to a little bookcase and examined the volumes, which were few in number and of a nature that caused her to blush after a brief inspection. Could this be Dick's room? There was no evidence of Dick's occupancy—no odor of tobacco, none of the indescribable litter so dear to the heart of man. All was neatness and feminine precision. She looked in the closets. A few ancient skirts hung from the hooks, and a strong smell of musk surrounded them, and that was all. Still no suspicion of wrong entered the pure mind of the young girl. She sat down before the fire, and waited patiently for her erring brother's return. She gazed sadly into the glowing flames, and wondered whether her life was to be always so filled with bitter cares and humiliations, or whether God would in His own good time lift the heavy burdens that weighed her to the earth, and open a prospect brighter and more beautiful than any which she yet had known. The fatigues of the morning and the perplexities of her mind, combined with the gentle heat of the fire and the quiet of the room, caused her at last to fall into a light slumber. How long she remained in this condition she did not know, but a sound awoke her. It was a man's step upon the stairs. She rose from her chair in great agitation. She longed yet dreaded to see the brother whose crimes had interwoven so much of misery with her life and his own; but now that the moment of meeting was at hand she felt her strength failing her. The step paused at the threshold. She grasped the back of the chair, and, murmuring a little prayer for guidance, walked to the door, threw it open, and stood face to face with—Lawrence Waring!

CHAPTER XV.—MARK IN SEARCH OF RUBY.

Mark received with a feeling of relief the telegram which informed him of the speedy return of his parents. He had found the house very dull, and the usual pleasures of the city young man were extremely irksome in his peculiar frame of mind. Although he felt a healthy indignation at Ruby's strange conduct, yet he could not banish her from his thoughts, try as he might. Indeed, he had been sufficiently weak to visit the theatre for two consecutive evenings, and gaze upon the face so full of graceful and tender memories with mingled love and despair. But pride came to his aid, despite his infatuation, and he sought no more to see her at her home. His father arrived in a brisk and breezy state of mind, and his mother was so much better that she took dinner with her husband and son for the first time in many months.

"Splendid time, Mark!" exclaimed the old gentleman while they were seated at the repast. "Didn't know how many old friends I had before. Met dozens of 'em. General atmosphere of naval officers, receptions, cadets, members of Congress and society-ladies in full bloom."

"How was the wedding, father?"

"Very nice. The usual thing. Bride a trifle ancient, perhaps, but she looked amazingly well. The trip has really done me good; and as for your mother, she's quite transformed."

Mrs. Hatfield smiled faintly. "I am a great deal better. But, Mark, you are looking much thinner and paler. Have you been ill?"

"Oh, not at all," said Mark hastily. His father took a survey of him through his glasses.

"Your mother is right," he exclaimed. "City life doesn't agree with you, I'm afraid, Mark."

The young man hastened to change the subject, and with an air of interest drew from his parents more particulars regarding their trip to the Capitol.

But that night, while sitting in the cosy library, he threw down his newspaper and said abruptly:

"Father, what do you consider the requisites of a good wife?"

"Aha," thought the old gentleman, elevating his eyebrows; "so that's what's in the wind, eh?" But, like a discreet papa, he gave no hint of his suspicions. "A good wife, Mark! Well, there are many differences of opinion on that subject. In my judgment, the principal points are virtue and a good temper. Intelligence also, of course, and beauty when it can be combined with the others, but never the latter without the first two."

"But birth, father, and fortune."

"Both excellent adjuncts, my boy, but by no means indispensable."

Mark gave a little sigh of relief.

He felt strongly tempted to tell his father the whole story of his love and unhappiness. The old gentleman seemed to fairly beam with kindness, and his look was one which appeared to invite confidence. So Mark, after a little natural confusion, told his father the whole stery of his love and its attendant adventures. The senior listened with great attention, and did not speak until his son had finished his narrative. Then he said:

"This was a serious business, Mark, and I am glad that it has ended so satisfactorily."

"I don't understand you, father."

"I mean in reference to the somewhat natural suspicions of the detective. In regard to your feeling for the young lady, I take it to be but one of those transitory infatuations to which most young men are frequently subject, and which will be forgotten a year hence."

"Father, remember that I am nearly twenty-six years of age, and not, I think, of a susceptible nature. I should be sorry to believe myself so fickle."

"Does the young lady know of your position and expectations?"

"To a certain extent, yes."

"She is angling for you, my dear boy."

Mark was on fire in an instant.

"You forget, father, that she will not see me—has requested me to relinquish all thoughts of her."

"Mark," continued his father kindly, "when you were at college, which were the prizes that you worked the hardest to obtain—those which required but little exertion and were almost within any man's grasp, or those which were placed so that they could only be gained by the most extraordinary efforts?"

"The latter, of course, father."

"So is it with the world, my boy. That which we obtain without difficulty is seldom valued. This girl (pardon me if I misjudge her) has learned the lesson of experience, and is only whetting your appetite anew to create a still stronger feeling in your breast."

"Father," said Mark, with as much calmness as he could command, "you must think that my liberal education and intercourse with the world has done but little for me, when I cannot detect a pure, good girl from an artful adventuress. You take a perfectly natural view of the matter, of course, as you do not know the young lady; but I am as satisfied of her character and her honor as I am of yours."

His father smiled.

"Mark, I would not for the world make light of a matter which has made so serious an impression upon you; but, believe me, this is an acquaintance to be avoided. Admitting the girl's probity and virtue, you yourself acknowledged that there is some mystery about her connections."

"Surely, father, *she* cannot be blamed for that."

"Well, well, Mark, let us not argue the point any longer. You asked for my opinion, and I have given it."

"You would change it if you could see her."

"That is not so difficult a matter, is it? My late journey has given me a renewed taste for relaxation. Suppose we go to the theatre to-night. I am a judge of physiognomy, even when shrouded in artificial tints."

"Agreed," said Mark with delight. "That will be better than not seeing her at all, though, to know her as she is, you must learn the goodness of her life and the purity of her mind."

There was just time to dispatch the servingman for a box, or, in the event of not obtaining that, choice seats in the front, even though he paid the grasping "ticket speculators" double-price for them.

"As a matter of form," said the old gentleman, "we will ask your mother to go."

This was done, and the result was a refusal.

"I am all worn out now," said the good lady, "and shall remain in my room."

So they started off, Mark in comparatively lively spirits at the prospect of again seeing Ruby. They reached the theatre, where the servant had succeeded in procuring a private box by paying a handsome premium. The curtain rose as they entered. Mark glanced anxiously along the line of radiant nymphs, as they came tripping upon the stage, to catch a glimpse of Ruby.

She was not there!

The old gentleman, who had his opera-glasses ready for action, and had indeed leveled them upon the showy "Golden-hair" under the impression that *she* was Mark's inamorata, learned of Ruby's non-appearance with surprise, while Mark grew nervous immediately.

"She may be ill," he said. "The late events were enough to prostrate a much stronger nature than hers. I will wait until the end of the third act, and if she doesn't appear I will make inquiries."

So he sat back in the velvet chair and gazed upon the brilliant but familiar scenes and incidents with an air of apathy. The old gentleman was highly delighted with all that he saw, and Mark watched his gratification with as much pleasure as it was possible for him to feel under the circumstances. The curtain descended upon the prismatic splendors of the animated tableau which closed the third act, and still no Ruby. Mark excused himself for a few moments, and hastened around to the stage-door to gain information of the missing girl. Mr. O'Rourke greeted him with a smile, made up of memories of the dollar he had before received, and hopes of a repetition of the same.

"She niver came at all the night," was his answer to Mark's question, "and the callboy sez she's lift her boordin house, an' divel a one o' them know where she's gone."

Mark thought of Waring and the girl's fear of him. She might be in danger at that very moment. Hailing a cab, he was driven with great rapidity to Mrs. Peasely's, and reached there in time to see that worthy woman in the act of descending the front steps wrapped in a brown cloak of antique make and accompanied by her liege lord Jonathan.

"Oh Mr. Hatfield! is that you? I was just going to the theatre to see if anything had been heard of Miss Ray."

"They know nothing there," returned Mark. "When did you see her last?"

"Come right inside. We might as well give up our journey," and she led the way to the parlor, while Jonathan, with an air of satisfaction, disappeared in the direction of the kitchen.

"There's somethin' wrong goin' on. I feel it in my bones. And I do believe that Waring's at the bottom of it all." She then told him all that Ruby had said. Mark was furious.

"Is he in the house now," he asked.

"No, he isn't; and it's the first night he's gone out since his wife died. That looks stranger yet."

"Miss Ray's baggage has gone?"

"Oh, yes—hours ago."

"Do you know the carman who took it?"

"Perhaps Sarah does. She knows everybody around here."

That active domestic was called and questioned, but blushed furiously while answering.

"It's Mr. Cassidy that moved the trunk."

"Do you know where I could find him?" said Mark.

"Ye—yes, sir. He's in the kitchen now."

"In the kitchen now!" repeated the astonished landlady, "and what for, I should like to know?"

"If you please, Mrs. Peasely, he's a friend of my brother's, and he sometimes calls of a night."

"Send him up," said Mark, drowning the mistress' exclamation of astonishment.

Mr. Cassidy soon came up—a young man of good appearance, but with an exceedingly diffidentand sheepish air, as of one in some doubt whether he was to be rewarded or kicked.

The address obtained, Mark left the house, promising to communicate any intelligence that he might glean, to the anxious Mrs. Peasely. He soon reached his destination, a large brick house in a populous street, and was informed that Miss Ray had not yet appeared, although her baggage had, and was at that moment in the hall.

Mark was now in a fever of excitement. That the girl had been abducted he felt convinced. His first thought was to notify the police, but he shrank from the publicity that this would give the poor girl. He was driven rapidly back to the theatre, arriving just as the play had ended. Entering the cab with his father, he was driven swiftly home, narrating his ill-success, and avowing his determination not to sleep that night until he had learned more of this mysterious affair. His father knew that to oppose the impulses of youth, when bent so fiercely upon an object, would be like endeavoring to stem Niagara with straw, so he made no objection.

"Only be prudent, Mark," he said, "and do no violence!"

Mark did not quit the carriage, but, seeing his father safely within the house, was again driven in the direction of Mrs. Peasely's. Plainly his first object was to see the diamond broker; and if he declined to furnish any information, as in all probability he would, Mark was determined to watch his movements, and thus he hoped to gain a knowledge of Ruby's whereabouts.

Cleopatra greeted him on his reappearance.

"Ma's gone to bed," she said with a simper, "and I'm *all* alone."

"I am sorry for that," said Mark, "for I wished to gain permission to remain in the parlor until Mr. Waring returned."

"Oh, *that* needn't make any difference!" exclaimed the gushing maiden, scenting a tete-a-tete. "Come right in," and she led the way into the parlor. "It seems to me that you're making a great deal of fuss over that Miss Ray," she said when they were both seated before the remains of a small fire. "*I* don't see anything so remarkable in her going away."

"No?"

"No; of course not. You know what those theatrical people are, and she's very pretty—at least I've heard many say so, though I never could see it."

Mark colored, but kept his temper.

"I am sure that she has been abducted," he said.

MLLE. ALMA VERDINA, SOPRANO VOCALIST.

"Oh, nonsense, Mr. Hatfield. "You'll excuse my saying so, but no girl can be carried away *against her will* in a city like this without people knowing of it. Do you think anyone could carry *me* off?"

Mark glanced at her, and thought such an event most improbable. But he said nothing.

How slowly the time passes away when we are waiting with heavy hearts the arrival of some person or event which may bring no solace even when it comes! Only the moments freighted with happiness glide by so swiftly that we know not of our bliss till it is gone.

Oh, how Mark wearied of the vulgar affectation of his companion as the time went by. She rattled away in so distracting a manner that he hailed with a sense of relief the sound of a latch-key in the door. He started to his feet and saw Mr. Waring ascending the stairs. He waited until he should have reached his own room, and then, following him up the stairs, knocked sharply at the door.

CHAPTER XVI.—A VAIN SEARCH.

Ruby turned deadly pale at the sight of the man she hated, who boldly entered the room and closed the door behind him. She saw in an instant the trap into which she had fallen. Her next thought was one of bitter anguish.

"Could Dick have done this?"

No; an instant's reflection convinced her that he had no hand in it. He would never have dared to plot with the man whose wife he had murdered and who had recognized him.

"Mr. Waring," she exclaimed in a tone of courage that she was far from feeling, "what does this mean? How dare you enter here?"

"It means, Miss Ray," he answered with a mocking smile, "that you chose to resort to a subterfuge in your dealings with me, and I have so far availed myself of your example as to follow it."

She sprang towards the door, but he intercepted her. At his touch she sprang backward with a shiver of loathing.

"The people in this house have their instructions," he continued, "and are paid to follow them. Any attempt to escape or to alarm the neighbors will be futile, I assure you. You will observe that there are no windows to break, and that the room seems to be built to meet such emergencies as this. Whatever cries you may utter will not be heard without."

He approached, and endeavored to embrace her; but, with the strength of a young lioness, she threw him off, and, seizing one of the fire utensils, dealt him a blow upon the arm that caused him to utter a cry of pain. His face turned deadly pale with rage, and the look that he cast upon her made her tremble inwardly, it was so full of fiendish purpose. But battling for life and honor, she stood before him, with head erect, and made no sign of the fear that filled her soul.

"You shall remain here," he said with an awful emphasis, "until you bend to my will, be it a day or a year; aye, until you come to my arms freely; I could use force, but it does not suit me to do so."

She advanced a step nearer to him.

"It is such cowards as *you*," she said with a scornful look, "who *do* use force on those weaker than themselves. But you shall find me not the easy prey you thought. The subterfuge that *I* used was to save the life of an only brother—*yours* can boast no such good purpose."

"Good-night," he said with an air of extreme respect which his bold eyes belied. "I shall call to-morrow morning to see whether you have changed your mind."

He closed the door, and she was again alone. Hastening to turn the key, she threw herself upon a little sofa and gave way to a flood of tears.

Meanwhile Lawrence Waring, after stopping to repeat some instructions to the woman of the house, wended his way down the street in no very pleasant frame of mind. He had anticipated an easy conquest, and saw with a latent fear that he had entered upon a venture which might cost him dearly. Ruby's friends would surely make some search for her. By degrees a diabolical plan to ruin her character and thus forestall pursuit entered his mind, and he determined to put it into execution at the first opportunity. It was late when he returned to the boarding-house, for he had stopped at an uptown theatre. He had scarcely entered his room when he heard a knock at the door, and the next moment Mark Hatfield stood before him. The two men eyed each other keenly in the moment of silence that ensued. Then Mark spoke:

"Mr. Waring, are you acquainted with the present whereabouts of Miss Ray?"

The broker indulged in a diabolical grin.

"Suppose that I am, sir; what then?"

"There is every reason to believe that she has been abducted; and as I deem you quite capable of such an atrocity, I come to you to demand intelligence of her."

"Really, my dear sir," said Waring with mock suavity, "you have peculiar methods of seeking to elicit information in a gentleman's own rooms. Suppose I were to state that I *do* know where the young lady is at the present time, and also add that she went there of her own free-will, what should you say?"

"I should say that you lied!" answered Mark, concisely.

The broker made a step forward, but the next moment staggered back from a push administered by his visitor. He pulled open a drawer to seek for a weapon; but Mark was too quick for him, and seized his two hands with the strength of a vice.

"Do not compel me to use force," he whispered through his set teeth, while the other writhed in his powerful grasp, "or it will be the worse for you. Where is the girl?"

The broker forced himself from the other's hold before answering.

"You want the truth? You shall have it. She is living in my house uptown, willingly and under my protection."

"It is false!" said the other hoarsely, and restraining himself with the utmost difficulty.

"It is true. She is living in luxuriant style, and glad to escape from the scene of so many troubles."

Mark was torn by conflicting emotions, the chief of which was a desire to chastise this cold-blooded wretch, and to prove his assertion a lie.

"You seem to feel a great interest in the young lady," continued the broker, "but I will tell you once and for all your pursuit will be useless. And now will you have the kindness to leave my room? or I shall be compelled to have you taken out by force."

Mark turned to go.

"I am not satisfied yet, sir," he said. "Miss Ray had too great a horror of you and your attions in the past to look with favor upon them now. She has told me of the many indignities offered by you."

"Are you going?"

"I am; but I will not give up the search."

"I wish you great success, sir."

And the door was abruptly closed in Mark's angry face. The young man left the house in a fever of excitement. Could it be possible, what he had just heard? No! he would stake his life upon her truth and honor. He thought it useless to remain on the watch any longer for that night, as the broker would not evidently again leave the house. So Mark slowly returned to his home, determined to devote the entire next day to the object which had taken so firm a hold upon his heart.

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TO BE CONTINUED.

CLOSE OF THE SEASON.

A woman was yesterday seen hanging out some clothes in a yard on Macomb street, when a boy looked over the fence and called out:

"Have you seen any mad dogs go by here just now?"

"Mad dogs—mercy!" gasped the woman, and she threw four wet shirts on the ground in a heap and got into the house as four bounds.

The boy maintained his position, and after a few minutes the woman put her head out of the door and asked:

"Have you?"

"Nosp," was the calm reply; "I guess the season for 'em has drawed to a close."

"You miserable boy! why did you alarm me so?" she exclaimed as she opened the door and stood on the steps.

"Who's bin alarmed? I guess if I want to find a mad dog I've got a right to inquire if any one has gone by, haven't I? You don't expect me to go'n git out full-sheet posters and leave 'em at houses, do you, or pay for a double-column ad.? Humph! the idea that a boy can't jist inquire about mad dogs!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

AT THE WALL.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY E. NORMAN GUNNISON.

"Co bos, Co bossie!" her sweet voice calls,
Coming over the flower-decked plain;
Floating over the pasture walls,
"Co bos, Co bossie!" the sweet refrain.
Only Jennie the milking-maid,
Calling the cattle to drive them in;
Cheeks like roses, and sun-touched braid,
Roguish laughter and dimpled chin.

"Co bos, Co bossie!" The sun goes down
As they gather and hear her call,
Pet and Dapple, and Bet and Brown,
Meek-eyed beauties along the wall.
Stands the farmer beside the gate,
Watching the milk in the milk-pail foam:
"Daughter Jennie, you are too late
To-night in driving the cattle home."

Never a word has the maid to say,
Never a word will the maiden speak,
But turns her head from her sire away,
While the rose grows deeper upon her cheek.
Ah, Farmer Blake! if you had been there,
As Jennie stood by the pasture wall,
And marked the youth with the chestnut hair,
You would only wonder they came at all.

HOW A HERO DIED.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY MRS. E. BURKE COLLINS.

"Good-mornin', lady! May I set on your gallery and rest me a bit? I've come a long ways, and I'm an old man, you see, gittin' along in years. Yes, ma'm, over sixty. Wal! wal! three-score year and ten is allotted to man on airth; and, thinkin' of the sorrows and 'flictions and the comin' and goin' of friends a-crossin' over the dark river, away out of sight, I allow three-score and ten is about enough.

"What be I from? Wal, I've come a smart bit from away up in old Mississipp; walked all the way, too, cl'ar down here to the Louisiana pine woods—matter of fifty mile or more. Had business here, lady, and couldn't come no other way, on account of the plaguey quarantine. Thank ye kindly, ma'm; yes, I *would* like some bread-and-milk, I'm right smart tired. Ye see, it's not the long journey, alone; but it's the trouble, and nussin' the sick, and—*yellow-fever*, did you say? Your head's level, ma'm; thar *is* a plenty. But, laws! ye needn't be afeared of catchin' it from me; thar aint none of it around this chile. Why, I've been fumigated, and took a heap of nasty drug stuff, and I've got a bag of camphire gum around my neck, and a big buckeye in my trousers pocket; and I've had the fever, anyway, and 'taint no use of my takin' it agin; once is quite enough, I thank ye! Haven't heerd much about it, hey? Wal, you here in the pine woods is as safe as anybody, though you're cut off from hearin' the wust.

"But I tell ye what it is, ma'm, thar's them not fur from here as knows the meanin' of them two words, *yellow-fever*. O God! the sights I've seen and the agony I've been knowin' to, and the anguish and gineral tribbolation of soul, as don't come twice to the lot of no man to witness. Lady, ye look kind-hearted, and you've treated me powerful well, and—stop! who's the young gal in yonder? It's Goldie, aint it? Who told me her name? I—I—I beg your pardon, ma'm, for my boldness, but she's jest the image of a gal I was knowin' to once named Goldie. So, that *is* her name, is it? Come here, young lady. Oh, the bonny brown eyes and the long, golden hair, full of little dancin' sunbeams; and the innocent, gentle face—why *must* sorrow come to young things like her? Now, to old worn-out hulks like me, used to storms and tempest and knockin' about ginerally, taint so much matter; it's only a question of a few days more, and then all is over, and thar's an end. Wal, I know the Lord is full of marcy and lovin' kindness for all us poor human critters; but when I look on such as she, poor young thing! She can't be over seventeen or thereabouts—and think of trouble and 'flictions failin' like a great big black cloud all over her, I 'clar to gracious I confess my faith gits cloudy, and I can't see no reason why such things must be!

"Will I tell ye about the fever, did ye say, ma'm? Got a son of your own in old Mississipp, and, say, ye haven't heard from him in a long time, have ye? That's bad, bad; but then, ye know—(O God! how can I tell her what I've come to tell?)—times is hard, lady; the fever has swept everything afore it, and death rules supreme. The sufferin', the agony, the despair! Listen, ma'm. A few weeks ago I had jest the best old woman in the known world, and two of the brightest boys that ever drawed breath. Wal, the fever come. I was a-workin', had a place about the depot and telegraph office, to carry dispatches and do odd jobs; but Yellow Jack was too many for me, and in one day I came down with it, and the old woman and Billy, my youngest boy. Lady, you had a son—I mean you've got a son of your own—and you can understand somethin' about my love for Billy. My very heartstrings was wrapped around that boy. Ah, well! hearts is broken every day now, all over our dear old South; it's getting to be an old story. Lady, sometimes I look around on our beautiful country, and see the sky so blue overhead, and the grass so green and velvety at my feet, and smell the flowers that grows here like 'twas the very Garden of Eden, and hear the life insurance birds in the air with wild and unekaled music, and observe the abundant crops, the fields white with cotton, and a-wavin' with cane, and then thar falls on my heart a sudden cloud of despair, and I drop onto my knees, and cry in desperate spirit: '*Has* the Lord forgot us? *Will* He cast us off? *Is* His marcy clean gone forever?'

"Is there a curse on the Sunny South, lady? I can't believe it! The Lord never would a-created a land, and just out of His best licks to make a Paradise of it, and lavished so much of beauty and richness and gineral desirableness onto it, just to make a mock of it, and laugh His own creation to scorn. No, I can't believe it, lady!

"Wal, I was tryin' to tell ye, I got over the fever, so did the old woman, but Billy—laws! you know how it is; you know how death always culls out the ch'ice lambs of the flock and leaves the old, superannerated, no-account critters to buffet with the storms and tempests of life—Billy died, and I buried him. Thar's a heap in them few words, lady; they mean volumes to me. Tommy, my other boy, he was complainin' a little, and the old woman she wasn't right strong, so I went out by myself and dug the little grave. Then one or two of the neighbors that had had the fever come in, and they was kind to me; and so we laid the lad away out of sight, and the world grew very dark and lonesome. 'Fears like the sun hasn't shined out since, lady.

"But I haven't told you the wust. When I reached home arter the buryin' I found Tommy, my last—do you hear, ma'm?—my *only* child, white and cold and dead, and his mother a-layin' on the bed at his side, with her arms wound about his neck, and her face hurled on his lifeless breast. 'Scuse me for cryin', ma'm; I'm old, ye knows, and them two was all I had left; and afore the sun had set the old woman and Tommy was laid beside my bonny lad, and thar aint no power on airth can help me, lady; my way henceforth lays through shadow and darkness. P'raps the mists will cla'r off some day, when the dark angel is ready to row me over. But my own grief makes me selfish. I've come, lady, to tell ye—to—to—tell—ye—(O God! I *can't* tell her—how can I? Her only son; and that gal, Goldie, was his promised wife. I *can't* tell yet!) Wal, what was I sayin', ma'm? Oh, yes, I was tellin' ye about the sufferin' and the agony; no pen can show it up, no pictur-man could paint it, no words put it afore ye plain and cl'ar. Whole houses empty, coffins ranged side by side; midnight burials; dead bodies in the streets; sickenin' sights and soul-harrerin' sounds, and sighs, and wild weepin' and wailin'; them as 'mourns for their children and will not be comforted, because theyare not.'

"And the sufferin', the rale, downright sufferin' for food and medicine, and nurses—high-g'een, inexperienced hands, but them as knows their business and can stand anything, go without rest or food, if need be, for days at a time—them's what we're arter. And, O lady! the noble responses we've had to our cries for help from New Orleans to Memphis—we owe them heroic men and women a debt that we can't never repay. Contributions, did you say? Bless your soul, ma'm, yes! The whole big heart of the North rises right up to once, and money is a-flowin' in on all sides, and nusses, and doctors. What's that thar old verse about? 'The noblest place whar man can die is whar he dies for man.' It's true, lady, every word of it—true as gospel. So, money and necessaries comes in right smart. From the churches? Wal, no; not exactly—leastways, I mean no harm agin them. The poor churches does mighty well; but the rich, 'ristocratic temples of grandoor, whar they worship the Lord in a 'ristocratic way, and do everything in fine style, they—wal, we'll 'scuse 'em, ma'm, for it takes a heap of money to keep up the dignity of their parsons and other things. I reckon as how they worship the golden-calf like the Good Book tells us. But if they'd only knock off one little chunk from some corner whar it wouldn't be noticed, and send it down here to buy medicine for the sick and bread for the starvin', if they'd take some of their diaments and gold gewgaws, and convart 'em into rale, honest green backs, they'd 'leviate a power of misery and be a heap nigher the Kingdom than they'll ever git, weighed down with jewels and fine things.

"Now, lady, whar do you reckon a heap of that money comes from that's helped lift the heavy load from our shoulders, and raised the sick and buried our dead out of sight? Wal, it comes from the *play-actors*—people that some of them rich churches sorter looks down on, and allows they're in the broad road the Scriptures tells us about. Broad road! I wonder how them big churches 'spects to crowd theirselves into the narrow way; and ye remember about the rich man and the camel's eye and the needle; and that's something else thar, too, about strainin' at a gnat—ye remember it, lady? Ah! thar's bound to be a big day of reckonin', and some of them folks 'll want to hide theirselves and sneak out of sight; but they can't! I'm powerful glad of that—I hope the Lord 'll search for 'em and find 'em out, and give 'em jest what they deserve. I believe He will! I'm a long time gittin' round to it, but I started out to tell ye about the telegraph operator at the office whar I worked. *Your* son is a Mississipp telegraph operator, ye say? Haven't heerd from him in a long time, have ye? Much as four or five weeks, hey? (Oh! how *can* I tell her, with Goldie's brown eyes full of little shinin' drops of dew, cryin' for the sufferin' of strangers. *How* will it be when they know the truth?) Wal, ma'm, this young feller—if ever thar was a noble critter in mortal shape, that thar boy was one. Night and day he worked. It was necessary. We was obligated to keep up communication with the other places on the line of the railroad. All the other operators and them as was connected with the office was dead, until at last this young man was left alone to do the work of the whole office. I seen his face a-growin' pale and pinched, and his eyes got a far-away look into 'em I hated to see, and I thought of his old mother that he was powerful fond of talkin' about, livin' away down here—wal, in the pinewoods somewhar—and a little gal that was promised to him, and who, some day, was a-goin' to be his wife, and I felt as how 'twas my duty to talk to him about the reckless way he was exposin' of himself to danger, and I sorter p'inted out to him that thar was them a-dependin' on him and a-lookin' to him for love and comfort and protection, and I allowed 'twas like suicide for him to be a-throwin' of his life away in that plague-stricken town. But he only turned his eyes on my face, and thar was a look in 'em that made me feel all over scary, and a great big wave of something riz up in my breast and overflowed my old eyes and liked to choke me, and I felt like falling down afore him, standin' thar in that dingy old office. 'Bascom,' said he, slowly and solemnly (my name's Ben Bascom, ma'm, at your service)—'Bascom, I've thought it all over, and this is the way I look at it: I'm the only man to fill this here place; somebody must do it; can I turn my back on my feller-men, and they a-dyin' around me like so many sheep? It may be the Lord'll pull me through all right, and it may be His will to take me from the evil to come; but, Bascom, thar's some words I can't forgit—my dear old mother read 'em to me the last time we was together: "Greater love than this hath no man: that a man lay down his life for his friends." Them's the words, lady. Afterwards I got the Good Book and studied 'em up, and that's the way they go. Why, ma'm, what's the matter? Them words you read to *your* son? Wal, wal, *don't* look so white and shaky, ma'm; it's all right, I reckon; and—you want me to go on with my story? Wal, I'll cut it as short as possible. He worked night and day like a hero, and a hero he was, lady, if ever thar was one. Night and day in his little office he kept at his post. He had fixed him up a bed in a little room 'jinin', and thar he slept—what little sleep he allowed himself—and all the time he talked, constant, of his mother, and the little gal that was promised to him. 'Feared like his spirit was ever with 'em, and his thoughts want nowhar else. Wal, days flew by, and the fever raged beyond any control. Wild beasts, maddened at the sight of blood, is easier to manage, lady; but all the time this young hero stood at his post. Lady, the world'll never know all the acts of noble heroism that's been done in this yellow fever time. I tell ye, ma'm, the deeds of all the noblest heroes that ever fit and died for their country can't begin to hold a candle to what the South has seen and been knowin' to since the fever broke out. And who on airth could help fightin' and bein' brave when they're a-standin' face to face with death on the field of battle?—flags wavin', drums beatin', cannon roarin', smoke fillin' the eyes and a blindin' of 'em to what's goin' on, and the noise and uproar ginerally fillin' of their ears so that they hear or see nothin' but glory and fame, and all that men dies for in battle.

"But, God in Heaven! to stand from mornin' till night, by the bedside of the dyin', in the awful stillness of despair, powerless, helpless to aid; to hear the groans and the sighs and the wailin's—to see the death-damp gather on noble brows, and the horrible yellow flag a-wavin' on thin pinched faces, and the supple limbs a-growin' cold, and—'scuse me, lady, I'm enamost broke down; I've been a nusain' of them cases, now, night and day, near all the time for weeks; but, lady, I must finish the tale I begun:

"Can't you understand me? I—I—*became for to kill it!* Wait, be strong and brave; don't look at me in that awful way, ma'm—lady, don't turn such stony eyes on me. Listen! and hear how a hero died. He strong, now; thar! that's right. I knowed ye was a brave lady. Wal, I was tryin' to tell ye, the fever got wuss and wuss. The young man he listened to me, and he took all precautions. Night and day he worked with a cloth wet in some drug-stuff wrapped round his head; he was very keerful, every way; for he knowed if he was took (he told me so) thar wouldn't be nobody to fill his place. Wal, one evenin', about two weeks ago 'twas, I dropped into the office. He was workin' away at the telegraph, takin' a message as fast as lightnin', he was a powerful fine operator. But his face was ghastly white; and as I come in he looked up at me, attemptin' to smile all the time, and says:

"'Bascom, it's come! The fever's got me!'

"Lady, I felt as if I'd been knocked in the head—all the life seemed to leave me. I went to him and begged him to give up and go to bed. But he shook his head.

"'No use,' he says, smiling that same sweet smile. 'I must stay here, Ben; the company needs me. I will stand at my post till I die.' Then, arter a little pause, 'Ben,' says he sweetly, 'when I'm gone I want ye should go to my mother and tell her all, tell her all, and I know she'll never blame me'—them's the very words, ma'm—'for,' says he, 'she is the best mother in the wide world.'

"Then he set down at his desk, and durin' all the spare time that was left he writ—he writ to his mother and to that gal, his promised wife. I've got them letters safe, lady. I can't tell ye no more about the fever, only he was out of his head soon, and the cursed plague don't take long, ye know.

"At last the end come. He was lyin' still enough on his bed; it was evenin', jest arter sundown. He'd been out of his head all day, and I knowed the sign—I knowed the deadly damp had left his mark onto him. It was jest at twilight—the sky was gray and dreary. Everything was as still as death—ye know how it is in them little places at that hour. No sound was heared but the frogs chantin' a quare, sad tune, away off in the swamp, and 'casionally a groan or the wail of some heart-broke mourner. I'll never forgit it as long as I live.

"All of a suddent he sprung up out of bed, and with a shriek that rings in my ears now,

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 12, 1878.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

No Answers by Mail or Telegraph.

P. J., Morrisania.—1. A man is a professional oarsman whether he rows for $1 a side or $1,000; the principle is the same. Having rowed for money since Oct. 7, 1873, he cannot row as an amateur, according to the definition adopted by the National Convention of Amateur Oarsmen, which is generally recognized in this country. 2. If he had, he would no longer have been an amateur; but the date of closing entries would not have admitted of Courtney's rowing in both the amateur and the professional scullers' races at the Centennial Regatta. 3. The race was rowed in heats, the oarsmen who took part being Ed. Hanlan, John Higgins, Eph Morris, Pat Luther, Ellis Ward, Alex. Brayley, H. Coulter, F. A. Plaisted, T. Green, H. Thomas, W. Spencer, John Mekeel, and R. Peel.

JOHN J. SHEA, Burlington.—1. Those who bet that the Barnes Hose Co. would win the belt, and that the two fastest consecutive heats, and get the fastest average, and that a minute would not be beaten in any run at the tournament, win their money. The decision of the bets as to fastest heat and second fastest heat depends upon whether the time made by the Bates Co. in their second heat was allowed, and, if it was, whether it was 63sec. or 65sec., both or which times are given in the newspaper reports forwarded to us. 2. The time made in the private trial by the Bates Co. next day does not affect the bets in any way. 3. If not too lengthy, the answer to the challenge will be published.

CONSTANT READER.—Your reasoning is unanswerable, as far as it goes. But let us add to it that if at card-poker you hold ace, deuce, three, four and five, and your opponent holds deuce, three, four, five and six, you lose. At card-poker the ace has two values, highest and lowest. At poker-dice it has only its natural and common sense value, which is one. A deuce will beat a deuce, and so on. It has probably never occurred to you that dice-poker cannot be played in the same way as card poker, the two games, although analogous, not being identical. Ace is low in every game of dice.

SHERIDAN, Newark.—1. The law forbids children under sixteen years of age from appearing on the stage. By stating the facts of your case and giving a full description of the boys' performances to Mr. Jenkins of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children—whose office is at the corner of Eighteenth street and Fourth avenue, this city—permission may be granted for them to perform. 2. Edison's Phonograph has been before the public about a year. 3. The machine costs $100, and you must pay a royalty of your receipts according to the territory you purchase. 4. Mr. Edison of Menlo Park, N. J.

PLUCK.—1. Unless there was a special rule or agreement to that effect, the umpire could not decide a mutually abandoned game as forfeited by a score of 9 to 0. 2. The bet is off, unless both bettors knew, at the time they wagered, that the game was to be cut short in order to catch a train. In the latter event the backer of the B. Club loses on the score of the game as far as it was played, which, of course, was in addition to the forfeit.

HIDEBEAR.—1. She has been on the stage some years—cannot say where she was born. 2. From $14 to $25 per week and traveling expenses would be a fair salary for a programmer of experience and well known ability. It would depend upon a novice's natural qualifications and his aptitude for learning how long it would take him to become a tenor-singer. 4. Not "yes."

IRISH.—No; the only six days' walk in which Daniel O'Leary ever engaged in this city, prior to his match with Hughes, took place in July, 1877, commencing on the 21 and ending on the 27th. He then attempted to cover more than 520 miles in the six days, but retired after doing 471¾ miles, according to the report of the judges. It took place at the Jamaica Institute rink.

C. B. M., Binghamton.—There are no rules for playing "billiards" (?) with two cues. The only bit of commonsense about the whole proceeding is that the ball, while it is in the hand directly in the two cues, cannot be moved permitted to come in contact with the player's thumb or hand; but common sense cannot constitute a rule in such a game. Play.

A PRINCIPAL, Watertown.—The starter should have put R. back a yard, and, in the event of his refusing to go back, should have started H. and upon the latter compelling the distance gained by the former, particularly by refusing to obey orders, forfeited all claim. Both ought to have been set back a yard for the first offense; but it was not, under the circumstances, worth while for the referee to do so.

SEYMOUR HOUSE, Blossburg.—C. E. Courtney did not row for the championship before he met Ed. Hanlan Oct. 3. Morris was champion last September, and remained in possession of the title until Hanlan defeated him in June of the present year. We presume you allude to James Kiley, whom he repeatedly defeated in pursesraces at three miles.

C. H. R., Binghamton.—The peculiar relations of the parties to this transaction make the bet a draw. In one event, had a $50 bet; in another, being unknown to C in the matter, he had no bet; however, C also won a bet before he bet the $10, that A had pooled with B, then there was no chance for a misunderstanding, and C loses.

DR. B. W. Grand Rapids.—You can dramatize any copyrighted novel which does not contain in the certificate of copyright the words "All rights reserved." Unknown authors cannot get plays produced in large cities. Try a small one, and if you meet with success the others will be open to you.

WEST-SIDE, Chicago.—Interview some manager, and show him or her what you can do, or volunteer for nothing, and get before the public that way. Consult some leader of orchestra. The price of arranging music for songs varies so much that we cannot give you any idea of the cost.

D. C. WILSON, Ft. Wayne.—No; the only match race between Hanlan and Morris was that rowed near Pittsburg, in July last. You doubtless mean a race between Hanlan and John, between Hanlan and Wallace Ross, which was not for the championship of America, Hanlan not being in possession of that title when he made the match.

CONSTANT READER, Brooklyn.—General Washington was an Englishman before becoming a free American. In another sense, he having been born in America, he was an American all the time, being a subject of the British Government, he was also an Englishman. Both parties are right, though from different standpoints.

E. L., Jr., Lowell.—Parepa Rosa was born in Edinburgh, Scotland, May 1, 1836. She first sang in English opera here about 1867. Among the prima-donnas of American birth are Clara Louise Kellogg, Emma Abbott, Emelie Melville, Clara Louise Kellogg, Emma Abbott, Emelie Melville and Adelaide Phillips. Education must necessarily have a knowledge of Italian to sing in that language in opera.

STAKEHOLDER, No. Abington.—A score of 17 to 8 is at the odds of 2⅛ to 1, and to alter this fact it will have to clearly explain his process. There is no rule of baseball that will alter it; and our special rule that a score of 1 to 0 is not equal to 10 or 5 to 1, or even to 2 to 1, does not apply to it.

F. G. B.—1. You were out for refusing to strike in proper order, when called upon by the umpire. 2. What regatta did you refer to? 3. See answer to "Oswego." The CLIPPER was first issued in the Spring of 1853. 5. None to be had.

W. J. MCNULTY, Union College.—In heel-and-toe walking the ear of the rear foot must not leave the ground before the heel of the other is planted. That is about the simplest way to put it. Keep the head and body erect and the knees as unbending as possible.

CONSTANT READER, Elmira.—Courtney has no time for five miles. He never publicly rowed the distance so fast as Ten Eyck was beaten a length and a quarter by Hanlan, in 36m. 32s. In his race at Shamokokin, N. Y., Courtney's time was not officially taken.

COMMERCIAL.—The Australian Eleven did not play against an eighteen at Hoboken had every representative of the United States numbered twenty-two, of whom but four are natives of this country, if that is what you mean by "Americans."

JOSEPH WILSON, Toronto.—Edward A. Trickett of Australia is regarded as the champion sculler of the world, by virtue of his defeat of Joe Sadler, who had beaten the best men in America at the international regattas at Halifax, N. S., and Saratoga, N. Y., in 1877.

E. K., Norfolk.—The redress is to be provided beforehand by the players agreeing as to precisely how they shall play an innings upon the particular point of poker, which the lack-pot is. Some players punish a false opening in one way, and some in another.

T. H. C., San Jose.—We presume you mean that, between the original setting and the first draw, 2 required that the cards should be shuffled. His demand was not to be complied with. The only time to shuffle is before any cards at all have been dealt from the pack.

E. S. M., St. Louis.—He should go as far forward as possible without overreaching himself, as by so doing, if his oar enters the water properly, there will be more power in his stroke.

A. T., Detroit.—If the bet is $1,000 a side, A will win $1,000. We presume you are trying to get at the difference to A if bets were making as long as 2 to 1. That will be just $2,000, though he can win but one-half of it.

R. F. P., Louisville.—It got its name of "Irish potato" through being cultivated in Ireland. It is the same potato that Sir Walter Raleigh got from this country and took to England, along with the tobacco.

G. R. AND J. M., Jersey City.—If the bettors, when they laid their wagers, did not specify that the game was to be cut short, the bet is off in consequence of the abandonment of the contest.

JAKE AND TOM, Phila.—Eph Morris' fastest five-mile time is 28m. 33s., when he defeated Billy Boyle in the first second and last race, June 9, 1877. Scharff won the first race, Oct. 21, 1876.

C. W. Hoboken.—That particular domino, as it played to either end, could not be changed after the one who laid it down had taken his fingers from it. He who played it was not entitled to ten.

G. E. West Phila.—In 7, 3, 5, 4, 2, 6, 1, 3, there are sequences of three for the 4, four for the 2, five for the 6, six for the 1, and six for the 3. There are also two for the 5 for fifteen, and the same for the 5 for thirty-one.

SUBSCRIBER, Trenton.—If you saw such a statement in THE CLIPPER, please give us the date—we do not remember it, and a search has failed to bring it to light. No such time was ever made.

JOHN T. WELCH, Dover.—1. The feat can be performed by many persons. G. M. Robinson put up a 10-lb ball twenty times and a 9-lb ball seventy-five times. 2. Holding it at arm's length would be a more difficult feat.

W. H. SAMO.—We are not in that business, and would advise that you remain in the employ of a firm who think so well of you, instead of seeking your fortune in the pedestrian arena.

H. T. S., Alexandria.—1. We never heard of any other than Jones and Smith. 2. Hughes—Tyrrell, 3. One inning may suffice to decide bets on the main result; but in a case like that in Philadelphia last week it will not.

SHAKESPEARE, Buffalo.—Always state the case, you would win but for the rule of 15-ball pool requiring ties to be determined by the score of the next game. If the tie is not determined, you win.

P. H. S., Boston.—1. Such a singer as you describe might command $100 per week for a short engagement. 2. We do not know Nellie Abbott. 3. The salaries of serio-comic singers in variety theatres range from $40 to $100 per week.

CHAS. MINOR.—E. P. Weston is 39 years old. He was reported to have walked from Portland, Me., to Chicago, Ill., in 1867, starting Oct. 29 and finishing Nov. 28. Cannot say whether he walked all the way or not.

SUBSCRIBER, Washington.—As they do not play baseball by scoring one half of a run. A loses. The smallest score he could win by is 2 or 1 to 0, or 3 to 2. Under our rule, 1 to 0 will not do.

Ed. St. Louis.—Having been "assisted" by his partner, the dealer was estopped from going alone, no special rule or special agreement to the contrary having been adopted or entered into.

W. G.—Send 10 cents to Ed James, 90 Centre street, this city, for a book called "The Modern Gymnast," which will give you all the information. 2. We cannot give you the present whereabouts of those people.

J. C. B., Mount Union.—You can get cricket and other sporting goods and rules of A. G. Spalding & Bro. of Chicago, whose address find on eighth page.

CHICUS.—He is in this city and not performing, as certain legal difficulties prevent him from pursuing his profession at present.

HORSEMAN, Millerstown.—C is exempt. As there was no race, there is no winner of it, and therefore nothing for B to go against.

M. AND W.—We keep no record of pool-sales. We believe it was on the bullet that that amount or more was paid; but our belief is not sufficient to warrant our deciding a bet.

BARLOW.—They are not playing at present. Mrs. P. having finally presented her husband with an heir. We do not publish private addresses of professionals.

H. G. C., Boston.—Such works have been published, but they are unreliable and would cause you serious loss. We cannot recommend any.

CONSTANT READER, Baltimore.—The first postponement of the Courtney-Hanlan boat race, on account of rough water, was on Oct. 3.

GLOVES, Brooklyn.—There are a number who are equally good, so that we cannot particularize any one as better than all others.

C. H., Centreville.—N. C. Forrester is managing a theatrical circuit in Colorado, having his headquarters in Denver.

WM. ARNOLD, Phila.—Write to C. A. Minton, secretary N. Y. Y. C., at the club-house, Madison avenue and 26th street, this city, for a copy of the sailing regulations.

CALUMET, Chicago.—1. The salary you could command would depend entirely upon your reputation and ability. 2. $12.60 for each insertion.

R. D., Lassingburg.—The Worrell Sisters played in "Under the Gaslight" at the theatre in this city now known as the Grand.

RAVEN.—John C. Heenan died at Green-river Station, U. P. R. R., Wyoming Territory, Oct. 25, 1873, and was buried at St. Agnes' Cemetery, Albany, N. Y., Nov. 2.

C. N. W., Albany.—Yes; by Josh Ward, in 1859. Hanlan's 26:22 is the best time for a five-mile turning-race since then.

JOHN CASHNER, Spearfish City.—No; it was a catch bet, and he could not win an it. He should stand at the same distance at which the previous shooting was done.

R. H. S.—That water would not be hit as close over all other places; but we don't think he would particularly object to it.

TRUCKEE.—Yes; he rowed Hanlan five miles the day before your letter was written. He had previously rowed against Dempsey, July 4, at Skaneateles, N. Y.

H. R. J., St. Louis.—It is Ada Foy who lives in or near Cincinnati, O. Ida Foy of the Foy Sisters lives in this city, and is unmarried.

INDEX, Niagara.—A champion is always obliged to accept a proper challenge, or forfeit the title and any challenge made at any time, should such be tendered.

HARRY C. GRIFFIN, Allegheny.—The race between Hamill and Brown at Newburg, N. Y., Sept. 9, 1876, was for $2,000 a side.

ANXIOUS WIFE.—She has no remedy whatever if he remains in Canada and leaves no property behind. In time she can get a decree of separation.

R. J. C., Henry.—If B can make a total of four points of any kind, his high will put him out. If B fails to make the four he gave, A will go out on his low.

CHELSEA.—A is right. At whiskey-poker a player cannot draw and knock at the same time.

J. S., Richmond.—A wins on high-low. It would have made no difference if B had claimed out as soon as he got F. V.—That is her proper name, and she is about 13 years of age.

J. J. M., San Francisco.—Write to Brown & Barnes, dramatic agents, 954 Broadway, this city.

NO SIGNATURE, Detroit.—C wins. 14 to 7 is just about two to one.

W. L. M., Washington.—See variety summary of this issue.

S. S. B., Des Moines.—Yes; Swaine Buckley has played in public upon seven instruments at one time.

J. C., Fort A. Lincoln.—We do not know sufficient about them to give an opinion.

J. W., Brooklyn.—A simple flush does not beat a full hand.

STAKEHOLDER, Philadelphia.—The indefiniteness of H.'s proposition is such as to render the bet void.

TRENTONIAN.—That London was lost on or about Jan. 10, 1666.

CONSTANT READER.—Thank you; but that was not the information sought.

E. L.—The Stadt Theatre will seat more persons than any other theatre in this country.

W. K., Woonsocket.—The 59 player, if he has no scratch, is winner.

BOUNCER, Fort Clark.—It is a matter of opinion. The Bowery has the largest capital.

W. ST CLAIRE, Esq Claire.—Barus' best record at Hartford, Ct., is 2:18¾.

C. H. C. K.—That can be decided in two different ways. If both bettors request a decision from us, we will give it.

C. AND R., White Plains.—When Joseph Greaves made his jump of 13 feet 7 inches, he used 11½ lb. dumbbells.

J. S. T.—William Warren the comedian is still playing at the Boston (Mass.) Museum.

G. H., Old City.—The stake-money was entirely different from the purse, which latter was $6,000.

C. E. SPRINGER, Elmira.—If you bet on Hanlan, you win.

FATTY, Benwood.—Hanlan is 23 years old, and Courtney 29.

G., Fort A. Lincoln.—We presume that it is in the method of curing. The matter is not exactly in our line.

W. J. BROWN, Denver.—We have no recollection of O'Baldwin and McCool ever sparring together in public.

OWEGO.—Josh Ward's best five-mile single-scull time is 35m. 10s.

READER, Buffalo.—1. Ed. Hanlan was born in Toronto, Ont. 2. See answer to "Oswego."

REGULAR READER, Ithaca.—See introduction to report of race in this issue.

JOHN J. CARROLL, Jackson.—Remit 50 cents to Ed. James for a copy of his "Manual of Sporting Rules."

GEORGE, Kincardine.—He is engaged in law business in this city.

P. D., Chicago.—The fastest mile time by a running horse is 1:39¾, made in this country.

STRACUSE.—What is commonly called the "Belt Line" of horse-cars does not run on Ninth avenue.

A. H. F., Wilmington.—A ball forced off the table at pyramid-pool is not to be counted for the striker.

DECLINED.—"The Dying Backwoodsman," "Dispelling Doubts," "My Queen," "My Native Land."

J. N. M., Chicago.—A wins on high, low, jack and game, having covered the eight he gave.

NO SIGNATURE, Baltimore.—The estimated population of this city at present is about 1,050,000.

A SUBSCRIBER.—You will find it in THE CLIPPER ALMANAC.

F. S. C., Philadelphia.—Somebody has been "fooling thee"—we are not buying old silver coins.

J. N. T., Lincoln.—He picks it up and carries it wherever he wishes it to go. In the two cases, if there is any dispute.

JONES, Longwood.—There is no rule to be a delivery to the batsman to constitute a "no-ball."

H., Williamstown.—1. He is right if the ball was not really caught. 2. No.

A CONSTANT READER, Jersey City.—A bound-ball catch of a fair ball was legal up to 1864.

W. S. P., Concord.—Address them in care of this office.

F. F.—The "age" does not pace, except by agreement.

L. E., Phila.—See answer to "F. S. C., Philadelphia."

S. S., Elmira.—Read time-table in CLIPPER ALMANAC.

F. T. B., Jersey City, Vt.—The Centennial Regatta.

B. M. HARRIS, Richmond.—Never heard of such rules.

R. M. STRACHAN.—See report in this week's CLIPPER.

R. DEMLER, Phila.—No. The decice cannot be so used.

THE LOG.—We did. The amount was $1,000 each.

M. K.—No. 2 is right, if the ace was from his hand.

O. O'DONNELL.—See sketch of O'Leary in this issue.

H. MCH.—What particular, by reference to back numbers.

GEORGE E. K., Auburn.—See reply to "Oswego."

B. M.—William M. Tweed was born in this city.

W. S., Buffalo.—A tie would lose. It is left to us.

D. S. AND A. C., Bradford.—The five fires are No. 5.

SUBSCRIBER, Phila.—You can build two piles.

W. S. H., Allegheny.—See CLIPPER ALMANAC.

CONSTANT READER, Adrian.—Letter-Carriers' Convention.

NATICK.—As the statement reads, A loses.

F. S.—We believe not. Consult a lawyer.

SUBSCRIBER, Bradford.—See answer to "C. H. C."

GASCON, Louisville.—You are wrong.

T. H., Paterson.—B loses the game.

TECHNICAL.—Either is correct.

SUBSCRIBER, St. Thomas.—No. 2.—No.

L. C.—He could not do it.

C. P. H., Dundee.—No.

LUCK.

Presumably you have more than the man who believes in luck. He is so multitudinous that it would be extremely difficult to get through life without stumbling upon him at least once. He is found in every calling, from the shoemaker's to the poet's. He is a prominent figure in politics, literature and art—prominent, not because of the success which he achieves, but because of the persistency with which he seeks to belittle the achievements of others. The man who believes in luck makes it a part of his creed to hold that anything like patient work tends to retard his progress in the world. If he rises at all, it will be with rocket rapidity, and the fire which ignites the fuse will be luck. He has drawn his number in life's lottery, and he has nothing further to do but sit by and watch the wheel. If he gets a capital prize, well and good. If he is destined to draw a blank, no amount of toil will change the wheel's turn. Why, therefore, should he toil?

It is the misfortune of the believer in luck to build his arguments upon a flimsy foundation. He assumes an absurdity at the outset, and all his deductions are correspondingly absurd. Life is not a lottery. It has been more or less the fashion to call it so, perhaps because it forms a pleasing alliteration, and perhaps because the widespread propensity for gambling makes an illustration of that kind easy to understand. When the Greeks accepted the mythological Fates, and declared that the thread of men's lives was spun and cut by a trio of goddesses, they were at least consistent, for they made this fanciful idea a part of their religion. They had their Zeus on Mount Olympus, their Neptune in the sea, their driads in the woods, and their Mercury in the air. But we have upset the whole structure of mythology—dispensed with Jupiter, drowned Neptune, turned the driads into dry leaves, and navigated the air with balloons in place of winged gods. The Fates alone have been preserved—the Fates, stripped of their poetic attributes and metamorphosed into prosaic Luck. And the believers in this modern deity are more numerous, if less rational, than of old. Here is one who follows the precarious paths of literature for a livelihood. Listen to him while he drinks the beer which Luck, coupled with your generosity, has furnished. The genius of hard work, he tells you, is a humbug. Nothing but Luck succeeds. If a man is destined to write something which shall make him famous, he will write it. If luck is against him, he may write himself to death, and that is all the good it will do him. Look at Bret Harte—nothing but Luck. Luck made him famous in a day. Look at Mark Twain—unadulterated Luck. Joaquin Miller—unmitigated Luck. The very thing which takes the public by storm to-day would have fallen flat twenty years ago. Who reads Willis now? And yet it was Willis' luck to be for years the most popular writer in America. From Shakespeare to Dr. Holland, it's all Luck!

Before you can answer the arguments of your Bohemian literatus, in comes the actor who believes in Luck. He is out of an engagement—that is no fault of his, however; it is Luck. Oh, yes, he has heard all that bosh about working your way up the ladder; about beginning at the lowest round and rising, step by step, with no other aid than industry and patience. Sheer nonsense, all of it! Why, look around you. Who are the successful members of the profession? Dobbins—take Dobbins as an example. We started together fifteen years ago. I had more brains and more ability than he. I worked as hard, if not harder. I was a better actor, and could turn to any line of business. And yet there is Dobbins to-day playing a character part for the thousandth time, and fairly rolling in wealth, while I can't get a date. What do you call that but Luck? Take Torrence and Daymond and Hobson and Grane—wasn't it Luck that made 'em? Why should Mowens be rich and Caufrew have a cottage at Long Branch any more than I? Luck, sir—Luck has done it. Why should Smith eat quail on toast and drink champagne, while I must content myself with herring and beer? Simply because of ——

Pluck! Permit us to suggest that word, and pray pardon the interruption. Smith has earned the right to eat quail and drink champagne. Luck had little or nothing to do with it. He has been fighting his way for twenty years. He has followed his art, not as a mere means of gaining a livelihood, but as something grand and ennobling. He made a hit, you say. So he did. But have you forgotten that before he made that hit he made twenty misses? Have you forgotten how the critics picked him to pieces and the public refused to discover anything good in his acting? You are pleased to look upon the fair image of success, which Smith has carved out, as the offspring of Luck, springing suddenly into a complete and rounded whole. Instead of that, it has been chiseled out of the granite of twenty years' experience; hammered out by the steady blows of patient endeavor; polished and beautified by unwearying study. This image of success stands to the honor of Pluck, not Luck. The curtain did not go up on a certain night and disclose Smith suddenly transformed into a great actor. It kept going up for twenty years, and as often as it fell it left the patient worker a trifle nearer the goal of greatness. You grumble because Dobbins has outstripped you in the race. You started together, you say, and you were the better actor. So much more reason why you should admire Dobbins. It was not Luck which drew the difference in your lines. You may have worked as hard as he for a year or two, or possibly five; but after that you weakened. Your early ambition was quenched. You were struck half a dozen hard blows, and you straightway threw up the sponge. Then it was that you first became a believer in Luck. You grumbled more, drank more beer, did nothing, and wondered why Luck passed you by. Meantime Dobbins kept pegging away, quietly, unobtrusively, but persistently. He did not lose heart, took failure philosophically, and in the end reaped the reward of his patient industry. Luck? Not a bit of it. No more than it is Luck which builds railroads, or tunnels rivers, or lays bare nature's great secrets. The lever which turns the world is hard work. And the thing to believe in is Pluck, not Luck.

DEATH'S DOINGS.

Weekly Record of the Decease of Prominent Individuals.

COMPILED EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

ARMAND, General Berthelemy Dominique Jacques—Marquis of Castelbajac, one of the last survivors of the French officers of mark who played a part in the wars of the First Empire, and cousin of the Viscount Castelbajac, famous in connection with the Revolution and the Restoration, and who, not dying until 1868, reached the age of ninety years. The General was born on June 12, 1787, at Rieaud, in the Department of Hautes-Pyrenees. Having been educated at the military school of Fontainbleau, he in 1807 entered the Eighth Hussars as sub-lieutenant. He figured in the campaigns of Russia, Germany and France, and was four times wounded—at Ostrowna, Moskowa, and Brienne. Adhering to the Bourbons at the Restoration, in 1815 he was appointed colonel of the Chasseurs des Pyrenees. Later he was assigned to the command of the dragoons of the guard, and in 1826 was raised to the rank of Field-marshal. He became Inspector of Cavalry and Military Commander of the Department of Moselle after the revolution of July, 1830, in 1840 was made lieutenant-general, then engaged in a campaign in Algeria, retired from military service in 1848, and in 1849 was sent as Minister to Russia, a position he occupied until the breaking out of the Crimean War, in 1854. Since the fall of the Empire he had not taken part in public affairs. An imperial decree of June 12, 1856, made him a Senator. He was an officer of the Legion of Honor, and a Councillor-general for the Department of Gers—Barbastan, France, about Sept. 20.

C. E. SPRINGER, Elmira.—Importer of books. At one time he had a store on Ninth street, near Chestnut, Philadelphia—London, Eng., Oct. 1.

BOWER, John S.—Teller in the City National Bank, Philadelphia—there, Oct. 2, aged 38.

BAXTER, Isaac S.—Of the Philadelphia hardware house founded about 1820 by Isaac B. Baxter Sr.—that city, Oct. 1, aged 58.

BAGLEY, Catherine—Widow of Dr. Richard Bagley—Irvington, N. J., Sept. 30, aged 91.

CHAMBERLAIN, Jacob P.—Long a prominent businessman in the northern part of this State. He was a member of the Thirty-seventh Congress, having been elected from this State, in the Assembly of which he sat in 1859—Seneca Falls, N. Y., Oct. 5.

DISOSWAY, Major Clement—Formerly captain in the Fifth Heavy Artillery, and son of the late Gabriel P. Disosway of Staten Island—Pendleton, Oregon, Oct. 1.

DION, Cyrille—Prominent billiard-player. For portrait and biography, see an outside page—Montreal, Canada, Oct. 1, aged 35.

EAGAN, John—A well-known Democratic politician of the Nineteenth Ward, this city. He had kept a grocery-store on the corner of third avenue and Forty-second street for upwards of a quarter of a century—here, Sept. 24, aged 59.

ENGLISH, John A.—Well-known bookseller in Philadelphia—there, Sept. 30, aged 71.

GRANT, Sir Francis, P. R. A.—A distinguished English portrait-painter, and the elder brother of General Sir Hope Grant, G. C. B. The son of a Scottish laird, he was born in 1803, and early in life married a Miss Farquharson, at whose death he wedded her sister, Miss Lushington. Mr. and Lady Elizabeth Norman. He began to exhibit in the Royal Academy in 1834, of which in 1842 he was chosen an associate, and in 1851 a full member. An American in 1866, upon the death of Sir Charles Eastlake, he was elected to the vacant presidential chair, being also knighted. Subsequently he received the degree of D. C. L. from the University of Oxford. Suddenly—Melton Mowbray, Gt. Britain, Oct. 5.

HASLETT, Dr. John—Physician of Brooklyn, N. Y. He was graduated from the University of Pennsylvania in 1820—Brooklyn, Oct. 2.

HODGES, Col. A. D.—Founder and first commander of the Roxbury (Mass.) Horse Guards—Boston, Mass., Sept. 29.

HUTCHINS, Phila.—No. The decice cannot be so used.

JOYNES, Maria Stringer—Widow of Col. Levin S. Joynes of Virginia, and sister in-law of the Rev. D. M. Packer—this city, Sept. 30, aged 81.

KINGSBURY, Rev. Howard—Son of O. R. Kingsbury of this city, and pastor of the First Congregational Church of Amherst, Mass.—the latter place, Sept. 28.

KENT, Dr. Ridley—Of Paterson, N. J.—there, Sept. 29.

LUPTON, Edward—Formerly of Brooklyn, N. Y., brother of Hiram and Joseph Lupton, shipbuilders, and himself a builder of ships and a draughtsman. Some years ago he took up his residence in Galveston, Texas, and thence he moved to Venezuela, S. A. He was born in this city in 1822—Venezuela, recently.

MARCOT, Dr.—An English veterinary surgeon, who had been eight years in Canada. Killed while riding The Squire in a steeplechase—Blue Bonnet Course, Montreal, Oct. 5.

MERRILL, Mrs.—Wife of George E. Merrill, pastor of the First Baptist Church, Salem, Mass.—there, Sept. 28.

MORGAN, John, LL. D.—Until recently a physician of this city—Philadelphia, Pa., Oct. 1.

PRIOR, Dr. J. Newland—Whippany, N. J., Oct. 1, aged 43.

POTTS, John—Had long been a resident of Norristown, Pa., where he held a prominent position as a member of the School Board—Philadelphia, Sept. 30.

POTTER, Thomas—An old merchant and bank-official of Philadelphia, to which city he emigrated from Ireland, his birthplace, in early life. In 1854 he was Commissioner of the District of Spring Garden, and from 1856 to 1858 he represented the Fifteenth Ward in the Common Council, in which he was re-elected in 1867-8—that city, Sept. 29, aged 59.

ROESCH, George Lewis—At one time noted for the wines he kept in the basement of a house on Walnut street, between Fourth and Fourth—Philadelphia, Sept. 25, aged 70.

RULLMAN, Major Augustus—Of the firm of Rullman, Sons & Co., well known in musical circles. (See Fact and Fancy Fogies)—Newark, N. J., Sept. 29, aged 90.

SWIM, Robert—Of the Swim Rowing Jockey. Among his more noted mounts were those upon Marie Louise, Aristides, Mate, Calvin, Chesapeake, Susan Anne, Countess, Fay, Eolus, Duke of Magilton, and later Leveler and Dave Moore. He had ridden Spofford, also, in a match, well, John M. Clay, H. P. McGrath, George Cadwallader, Captain Moore, and others. Four days before his death, he was thrown from a horse and received a fracture of the knee-cap, at Louisville, won by Bramble—Louisville, Ky., Sept. 30.

SHERIDAN, Dr. Philip H.—Brooklyn, N. Y., physician, and Odd Fellow, who had been accidentally drowned while visiting patients on the water-front of that city—there, Sept. 27.

SMITH, Leopold B.—Superintendent of the Mount Sinai Hospital, this city—here, Sept. 30, aged 63.

TAYLOR, Dr. J. Theus—For seven years past physician of the New York Hotel, this city. He had been a planter near Montgomery, Alabama, in the vicinity of Natchez, Miss., Surgeon-general of the Confederate army of the Mississippi, and a physician in New Orleans. He was a son of Dr. Theus Taylor of South Carolina, and was graduated from the University of Pennsylvania in the class of 1838. He went from here as a volunteer physician to New Orleans, La.—there, of yellow-fever, Sept. 29, aged about 60.

UHLER, Dr. John Taylor—Knight—Philadelphia physician—that city, Sept. 29, aged 49.

VAIL, William L.—Of the well-known family of Broomestreet tailors—this city, Sept. 29.

WILKIE, Allen Wilfred—A well-known resident of Memphis, Tenn. Died in Chicago, Ill., of yellow-fever—Sept. 24, aged 22.

CRICKET.

INTERNATIONAL CRICKET.

Australian Eleven versus New York's Eighteen.

Australians Victorius.

GRAND MATCH IN PHILADELPHIA.

A DRAW THE RESULT.

Extraordinary Action of the Australian Captain.

Some twenty odd years ago a match was played at Hoboken in which eighteen American players of New York, Brooklyn, Newark and Yonkers played against eleven of the New York Club, and at the close of the game Mr. Richards, in his speech complimenting the Americans for the pluck they had shown in attempting to cope with an English resident team, said that he hoped the time would arrive when an American eleven would be able to play the strongest English eleven the United States could present. Even in imagination the veteran could not then conceive of an American eleven being able to stand up against a strong team from the old country. It has taken us twenty years before we could send the old gentleman's wishes fully carried out; but all has been done, and the victories achieved by the All-Philadelphia America eleven of the tournament matches of 1876, in which they encountered the strongest resident foreign elevens the United States, the Dominion of Canada and the English colonies in America could produce, have now been supplemented by a contest in which an All-Philadelphia eleven of young American players have successfully withstood the onslaught of the strongest foreign cricket eleven that ever crossed the Atlantic. Hitherto every foreign eleven—from 1859 to 1872 inclusive—that we have visited this country have met and defeated. United States and Canadian twenty-twos without difficulty. It is true that the Gentlemen's twelve of 1872 had a narrow escape in Philadelphia, and that in Boston they had to be content with a technical draw; but even then they had the best of the match. To New York belongs the credit of having given the first check in the international series of matches from a twenty-two to eighteen; but Philadelphia was the first to adopt THE CLIPPER'S suggestion of playing eleven vs. eleven in this present season's international contests, instead of presenting a team of fifteen, as was originally designed.

THE GAME AT HOBOKEN.

New York cricketers have rarely or ever witnessed a prettier home picture of a cricket match than that presented at Hoboken on Oct. 1 and 2, on the occasion of the first appearance of the Australian team in America. That match was undoubtedly an exceptional one in the history of cricket in the metropolis, in every respect. In the first place, the two days of the contest were favored by the finest of October weather; secondly, the wicket pitched was the best ever seen on an American cricket field; thirdly, the crowd present was of a character that was a thoroughly representative American assemblage—orderly, intelligent and appreciative, besides courteously impartial in applause; fourthly, the arrangements of the match were the best of any of the international series; and lastly, no such fielding or bowling display has ever been seen on a New York cricket field at the hands of a local team.

The First Day's Play.

A finer day for cricket than Tuesday, Oct. 1, was never enjoyed by a metropolitan club. It was bright and sunshiny, and yet not too warm; there was no wind, no dust, and yet no dampness. The wicket pitched by "St. George Giles" was as perfect as the weather. "We've had no finer wicket at any match we played in England," was the remark of Captain Gregory. It was a "fast wicket," but not too fast, and the infield was so level and smooth that ground balls could be picked up with unusual ease and accuracy. All the New York eighteen were on hand in due time. First came Cross, then Greig, and then Andrew Rice, the captain, who had just returned from deer-hunting in the Adirondacks. Then Jimmy Smith arrived in a velvet jacket, and by 10.30 A. M. nine of the eighteen were on hand. By 10.55 all but Harvey were present, and he came at 11 A. M. Just at this hour a four-horse coach arrived, bringing the Australians, and they at once entered the Knickerbocker Baseball Club rooms, which had been courteously placed at their disposal by the gentlemanly ballotosers of that veteran club. At 11.15 the Australian eleven, with Frank Crocket as their umpire, and James Smith acting for New York, entered the field in uniform and in a body, and as they did so they were greeted with a round of applause. Even at this early hour nearly a thousand people had gathered within the inclosure, by 4 P. M. fully double that number were present, and never before in the history of the international contests played in this city had there been so respectable an assemblage on the field. It was, in every respect, a representative American gathering, and the Australians complimented the club on this special feature of the occasion. Another thing peculiar to this very exceptional cricket contest was the marked excellence of the arrangements. What with the large tent for lady visitors, the grand marque erected by Henderson for supplying the commissariat; the special booth for the reporters; the grand stand, free to all; and the row of seats which encircled the entire field, everything was done for the comfort and convenience alike of spectators, players and visitors. In fact, the St. George Club committee, who had the arrangements in charge, are to be congratulated upon their success in this essential of a grand match.

Another thing worthy of mention was the gathering of old English and young American cricketers, as also old baseball-players. There were Ben Tilt and Charley Vinton up in the club-house, and in the crowd were J. Riverson, Hallis, Petty, Warner and others of Newark; Father Neeves of the old Manhattan; Alfred Marsh, Byron Wharton, Bill Crossley of the old New York Club; Labon and Hudson of Long Island; Walker, Pomeroy, Ford, George Wright and old Mr. Syme of St. George; with Haigh, Roddick and Draper of the old Boston Club, and Faye and Pickering of the new crowd; Dewhurst of the Fall River; and many other old boys of cricket renown twenty years ago. Philadelphia was largely represented—there were George and Charley Newhall, Brewster, Caldwell, L. Haines, Loper Baird, Hopkinson, Davis, S. and D. Welsh, D. Pepper, Clay, Morgan, and Brothers Cope and Brown of *The American Cricketer*. Among the old baseball-players we noticed Bixby of the Eagles and Russell of the Empires, and any number of the experts of the present day. The scene presented at 4 P. M. was one to gratify every cricketer. It was picturesque in the extreme, and, combined with the splendid exhibition of the beauties of the game in the field, made the occasion one of the most eventful in the history of cricket in America.

THE GAME.

The toss won by the Australians gave them the choice of inning, and they elected to send the eighteen to the bat. At 11.15 the Australians went to the field with their captain, Mr. Gregory, and shortly afterwards took up their positions as follows: Spofforth bowling to Sleigh, Blackham behind the wicket—standing close for stumping—Horan "long stop," Charles Bannerman at "point," Garrett at "cover-point," Boyle and Bailey in the slips, A. Bannerman at long-mid-off, Allen at square-leg, Boyle short-mid-on, and Murdock at long-field-on. At 11.20 New York sent in Messrs. Bance and Ridgeway Moore to the bowling of Spofforth and Garrett, and the former got away from Spofforth went from Bance's bat almost into Boyle's hands between short leg and short-mid-on; but that his look-out was unobserved has been made. Placed as the field was, it was a chance off the bowling, and threw out Bance's score into the list of unearned runs. It had been agreed upon that a ball rolling under or bounding over the seats should count three runs, and that a hit over the seats four runs, with six runs for a ball over the fence. On Spofforth's fourth ball Bance made it to the off, which gave him three runs under this rule. In Garrett's first over Moore got a leg hit for 2, and in Spofforth's second over Moore hit back low ball into the bowler's hands, and the first wicket fell for 5. This was not a bad start, as it promised a total of 85 for the inning

BASEBALL.

MATCHES TO BE PLAYED.

Baseball.

METROPOLITAN GAMES.

Oct. 7, New York vs. Witoka, at Union Ground.
Oct. 7, Hudson of Brooklyn vs. Fiyaway, at Capitoline Ground.
Oct. 7, Jersey City vs. Hudson of Hudson, at Centennial Ground.
Oct. 8, New York vs. Hudson of Brooklyn, at Union Gr.
Oct. 9, Astor vs. New York, at Union Ground.
Oct. 9, Jersey City vs. Guilford of Philadelphia, at Centennial Ground.
Oct. 9, Witoka vs Orange, at Orange.
Oct. 10, Jersey City vs. Flyaway, at Union Ground.
Oct. 10, Alaska vs. Guilford of Philadelphia, at Centennial Ground.
Oct. 12, Flyaway vs. Hudson of Brooklyn, at Union Gr.
Oct. 13, New York vs. Orange, at Union Ground.
Oct. 12, Jersey City vs. Orange, at Orange.

INTERNATIONAL GAMES.

Oct. 7 (about), Boston vs. Springfield, at Springfield, Mass.
Oct. 7, Buffalo vs. Albany, at Albany.
Oct. 7, 8, Syracuse Star vs. Providence, at Providence.
Oct. 9, 10, Syracuse Star vs. Boston, at Boston.
Oct. 11, Boston vs. New Bedford, at New Bedford.
Oct. 12, New Bedford vs. Boston, at Boston.
Oct. 14, Utica vs. New Bedford, at New Bedford.

Cricket.

Oct. 10, Manhattan vs. St. George, at Hoboken.

THE INTERNATIONAL ARENA.

The games played in the championship arena during the week ending Oct. 5 were as follow:

Date.	Winning Club.	Losing Club.	Where Played.	Score
Oct. 2	Star	Lowell	Syracuse	11 to 1
Oct. 3	Star	Lowell	Syracuse	12 1

This closes the Stars' series of games. The full table to Oct. 5 is appended:

	Allegheny	Buffalo	Cricket	Hornell	Lowell	Manchester	Rochester	Star	Springfield	Tecumseh	Utica	Worcester	Won.	Lost.
Allegheny		0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Buffalo	1		0	0	0	3	1	4	2	2	0	2	15	3
Cricket	1	0		0	0	1	0	1	1	0	0	0	4	1
Hornell	1	0	1		1	1	0	1	0	0	0	0	5	1
Lowell	1	1	1	0	1	3	2	1	1	1	1	2	14	4
Manchester	1	0	1	1	1		2	4	2	1	2	2	18	2
Rochester	1	3	0	1	2	2		4	0	1	2	2	18	4
Springfield	1	0	0	0	3	0	0		0	0	2	3	9	9
Star	1	2	1	2	3	2	2	4		1	2	2	23	4
Tecumseh	1	2	1	2	3	3	3	2	1		2	2	24	3
Utica	1	1	1	1	3	2	2	2	2	2		3	21	7
Worcester	1	1	0	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	0		9	7
Lost	11	10	6	11	21	17	17	24	9	12	18	21	172	

THE LEAGUE ARENA.

The League championship campaign of 1878 has ended, and the record below shows how the contestants stand in the pennant race, the Bostons winning the championship of the League, while the Cincinnati Club wins the championship of the West.

	Boston.	Cincinnati.	Providence.	Chicago.	Indianapolis.	Milwaukee.	Louisville.	Worcester.	Won.	Lost.
Boston		6	6	8	10	11	41	0	60	68
Cincinnati	6		9	10	4	8	37	1	61	61
Providence	6	3		6	10	8	33	2	62	55
Chicago	4	2	8		8	10	30	1	63	49
Indianapolis	2	8	4	2		8	24	3	63	40
Milwaukee	1	4	4	2	4		15	1	61	25
Games lost	19	23	27	30	36	45	180	8	368	

The League clubs are now engaged in playing exhibition games with the Internationals, and the last week in October will see the League season terminate.

THE METROPOLITAN CHAMPIONSHIP.

The contest for the pennant and silver ball in the metropolitan tourney now lies between the Flyaways and Hudson Clubs, all the others being practically out of the fight, as the appended record shows:

	Astor.	Athletic.	Flyaway.	Hudson.	Metropolitan.	New York.	Orange.	Witoka.	Won.	Lost.
Astor		0	0	0	0	0	2	0	2	0
Flyaway	1		2	2	2	4	2	4	17	4
Hudson	1	4		2	2	4	4	3	17	4
Montgomery (disbanded)	2	0	0		1	1	1	0	4	14
New York	3	0	0	2		1	2	1	8	8
Orange	1	0	1	2	2		2	2	9	8
Witoka	4	0	1	3	1	0	1		9	9
Games lost	12	4	5	11	8	10	14	10	65	

ALBANY vs. STAR.

Oct. 5 the famous "twinklers" from Syracuse lowered their colors to the Albanys, at Albany, N. Y., in the presence of fully 2,500 people. The visitors had out their strongest nine; but it was of no use, as they could do nothing with Critchley up to the eighth inning, when they warmed up and hit him for a total of six bases. Only one of these runs. The home nine batted very heavily, Tobin excelling in this respect. Burns, Dunlap and Tobin guarded their respective bases in faultless style, and Rocap fielded magnificently. It is not necessary to praise Critchley, as the scores invariably prove his ability. For the Stars, Dorgan and Hotaling batted well, and Mansell played his position finely.

ALBANY.	T.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.	STAR.	T.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.
Burns, 3d b.	5	1	2	2	2	0	Hotaling, c.	5	3	3	8	1	3
Dunlap, 2b.	5	2	2	2	2	0	Farrell, 2b.	4	0	0	5	4	1
Hanlon, l. f.	4	2	2	2	0	0	Hanlon, l. f.	4	0	0	2	0	0
Tobin, 1st b.	6	3	3	12	0	0	Carpenter, 3b	4	1	2	2	1	1
Quinton, c. f.	5	0	2	1	0	1	Mansell, 1. f.	4	0	2	3	0	0
Keenan, c.	5	1	1	8	1	1	M'Cormick, p.	4	0	0	1	3	1
Say, s. s.	4	1	1	3	1	2	Heifer, 1b.	4	0	0	4	0	2
Rocap, r. f.	4	1	0	1	0	0	Derby, r. f.	4	0	1	1	0	1
Critchley, p.	4	1	2	1	3	0	Adams, c. f.	4	0	0	1	1	0
Totals.	43	10	15	27	16	9	Totals.	37	6	11	27	16	10

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	Runs.
Albany	1	1	0	5	0	0	1	0	2	—10
Star	0	0	0	1	0	3	1	0	1	—6

First base on errors—Albany, 2; Star, 1. Runs earned—Albany, 4; Star, 2. Two-base hits—Dunlap, 2; Tobin, 2; Quinton, 1; Keenan, 1; Dorgan, 2. Three-base hits—Burns, Dunlap, Tobin, Say, Carpenter, 1 each. Umpire, Mr. Malone. Time, 2h.

ALBANY vs. MANCHESTER.

This match came off Sept. 30 at Albany, N. Y., in the presence of about 1,000 spectators, and was quite interesting. The visitors "got on" Critchley better than any other nine that had been there for some time; but, owing to beautiful fielding on the part of the home club, their hits failed to win for them. Quinton is credited with the best hit of the day, while the playing of Keenan, Say, Dunlap and Burns was simply perfection.

ALBANY	In.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.	MANCHEST'R.	T.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.
Burns, 3d b.	5	0	0	0	3	0	Cogswell, 1b.	4	0	0	15	0	0
Dunlap, 2b.	4	2	1	4	4	0	O'Rourke, lf.	4	1	1	2	0	0
Hanlon, l. f.	4	2	2	2	2	0	Leary, p.	4	1	3	3	2	0
Tobin, 1st b.	4	0	1	13	0	0	Hawes, 2d b.	4	0	2	2	4	0
Quinton, c. f.	4	1	1	0	0	0	Sniegr, c. f.	4	0	0	0	0	1
Keenan, c.	4	1	0	5	1	2	Dailey, s. s.	4	0	0	1	5	0
Say, s. s.	4	0	0	1	3	0	Kelly, c.	4	0	1	2	2	2
Rocap, r. f.	4	1	1	3	0	1	Woodh'd, 3b.	4	0	0	1	2	1
Critchley, p.	4	1	2	1	3	0	Rowan, r. f.	3	0	0	0	1	2
Totals.	38	8	9	27	15	3	Totals.	35	2	8	27	14	10

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	Runs.
Albany	1	0	4	0	0	3	0	0	0	—8
Manchester	0	0	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	—2

First base on errors—Albany, 3; Manchester, 3. Earned runs—Albany, 1. Two base hits—Dunlap, 1; Hanlon, 1; Tobin, 1; Say, 1. Three base hits—Quinton, 1; Leary, 1. Double play—Say, Dunlap and Tobin, 1. Umpire, Mr. Malone. Time, 2h. 10m.

MILWAUKEE vs. DUBUQUE.

Two games were played at Dubuque, Iowa, between the home club and the Milwaukees Sept. 30, Oct. 1. Both were easily won by the visitors, the first by a score of 6 to 0 and the second by 15 to 4. We present the score of the former:

MILWAUKEE.	T.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.	DUBUQUE.	T.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.
Dalrymple, lf	4	1	1	0	0	0	O'Rourke, lb	4	0	0	6	0	1
Redmond, ss	4	1	1	0	2	0	Carnahy, s s	4	0	0	1	2	0
Goodman, lb	5	0	0	10	0	0	Dolan, c. c. f	4	0	0	7	0	2
Foley, 3d b.	5	0	0	1	1	0	Taylor, c. lf	4	0	0	2	1	0
Creamer, 2b.	5	0	2	3	3	1	Farrell, 3d b.	4	0	0	1	1	1
Bennett, c.	4	0	0	7	1	0	Rowe, p.	4	0	0	1	4	0
Holbert, r. f.	4	1	0	2	1	0	Sullivan, s s.	3	0	0	1	3	0
Morgan, c. f.	4	1	1	0	0	0	Ross, l. f., c.	3	0	1	7	0	3
Weaver, p.	4	0	0	0	7	0	Phelan, r. f.	3	0	0	0	0	0
Totals.	39	6	5	27	14	2	Totals.	32	0	5	27	13	9

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	Runs.
Milwaukee	0	1	1	1	0	0	3	0	0	—6
Dubuque	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	—0

Two-base hits—Milwaukee, 1; Dubuque, 1. Three-base hit—Milwaukee, 1. Umpire, J. C. Chapman of Milwaukee. Time, 1h. 40m.

STAR vs. HAYMAKER.

A game which was ended by darkness was played by the above clubs at Troy, N. Y., Oct. 5, the result being a tie.

STAR.	T.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.	HAYMAKER.	T.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.
Hotaling, c.	4	1	1	7	2	1	Tapp, 1st b.	5	1	2	14	2	0
Farrell, 2d b.	4	1	2	2	2	0	Farrell, 2b.	4	0	0	5	4	1
Dorgan, s. s.	4	1	1	4	4	0	Mansell, lf.	5	1	2	1	2	3
Carp'nter, 3b	4	1	2	2	1	1	Caskins, s. s.	5	0	1	3	0	0
Mansell, l. f.	4	0	0	0	0	0	Carpenter, 3b	4	1	2	2	1	1
M'Cormick, p.	4	0	0	0	1	1	Mansell, l. f.	4	0	2	3	0	0
Hayes, c.	4	2	2	1	0	0	M'Cormick, p.	4	0	0	0	1	0
Heifer, 1b.	4	0	0	4	0	2	Carpenter, c.	4	0	0	4	0	2
Briody, 2b.	4	0	1	4	0	1	Heifer, 1b.	4	0	0	4	0	2
Adams, c. f.	4	0	0	0	0	0	Derby, r. f.	4	0	1	1	0	1
							Adams, c. f.	4	0	0	1	1	0
Totals.	37	3	6	24	13	5	Totals.	40	3	11	24	17	9

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	Runs.
Star	1	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	—3
Haymaker	1	1	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	—3

BOSTON vs. BUFFALO.

The third game during the season between these clubs was contested at Boston Mass., Oct. 5. The home team started off with three runs in the first inning, which proved more than enough to win by, but for the sake of good measure they added as many more in the sixth.

BOSTON.	T.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.	BUFFALO.	T.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.
Wright, s. s.	5	1	1	1	0	1	M'G'ngle, c. f	4	0	1	1	0	2
Burdock, 2b.	4	1	2	3	7	1	Allen, 3d b.	4	0	1	2	3	0
Manning, r. f	4	2	1	4	2	0	Egger, c. f.	4	0	1	4	0	0
O'Rourke, cf.	4	1	1	2	0	0	Dolan, c.	4	0	1	4	1	4
Leonard, l f.	4	0	0	1	0	0	Fulmer, 2d b	4	1	2	3	3	0
Sutton, 1st b.	4	1	1	9	0	0	Libby, 1st b.	4	2	1	16	0	0
Morrill, 1st b	4	1	1	0	0	0	Hornung, l. f.	4	0	0	3	0	1
Snyder, c.	4	0	2	6	2	0	Force, s. s.	3	0	1	1	2	0
Bond, p.	4	0	0	0	5	0	Galvin, p.	3	0	0	1	3	0
Totals.	37	6	12	27	15	2	Totals.	34	1	8	27	9	7

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	Runs.
Boston	3	0	0	0	3	0	0	0	0	—6
Buffalo	1	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	—2

First base on errors—Boston, 2; Buffalo, 1. Three-base hits—Wright, Allen, Libby. First base on errors—Buffalo, 1. Double plays—Burdock and Morrill. Umpire, Tyng of the Harvards. Time, 2h.

CINCINNATI vs. FOREST CITY.

At Cleveland, O., on Oct. 4, the Forest Citys were easily beaten by the Cincinnatis.

FOREST CITY.	T.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.	CINCINNATI.	T.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.
Gross, c.	4	1	1	6	3	1	Jones, l. f.	5	2	3	0	0	0
Eden, r. f.	4	0	1	0	0	2	Gerhardt, s s	4	1	3	1	6	0
Phillips, 1st b	4	0	1	16	0	0	McVey, r. f.	5	0	0	2	1	0
Riley, l. f.	4	1	2	0	0	0	Kelly, c.	5	2	2	7	2	1
Burke, s. s.	4	1	1	0	6	3	Dickerson, cf	5	2	0	0	1	0
Glasscock, 3b	4	0	1	1	3	3	Sullivan, 1b.	5	0	0	16	1	0
Stirnel, 2d b.	4	0	0	3	4	1	Mitchell, p.	5	0	1	0	4	1
Salisbury, p.	4	0	1	0	4	2	Elick, 3d b.	5	1	1	0	4	1
Ely, c. f.	4	0	1	1	0	1	Geer, 2d b.	5	2	2	1	5	2
Totals.	36	2	7	27	18	13	Totals.	44	10	12	27	23	6

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	Runs.
Forest City	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	—2
Cincinnati	4	0	0	0	2	1	2	0	0	—10

Earned run—Cincinnati, 1. Two-base hits—Glasscock, 1. Three-base hit—Jones, 1. Umpire, Andy Cummings. Time, 2h. 20m.

METROPOLITAN CHAMPIONSHIP.

On Oct. 5 the Hudsons of Brooklyn visited Orange, N. J., and defeated the local team in their final game of the series for the Metropolitan championship.

HUDSON.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.	ORANGE.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.
Farrell, 2d b	0	2	5	4	1	Jackson, f	0	0	1	3	0
Farrell, c.	0	1	8	3	1	Ward, 3d b	0	0	2	2	0
M. Smith, 3d b.	1	2	1	0	1	Dunne, 2d b	0	0	0	1	2
Schenck, p.	1	1	0	4	0	Shier, 1st b	0	0	8	0	2
Lavin, 1st b	2	2	10	0	0	Thompson, c. f.	0	0	2	1	0
R. Smith, l. f.	1	2	1	1	0	Barnie, c.	1	0	7	0	2
Morgan, s s.	1	2	1	1	0	Williams, r. f.	0	2	0	0	0
McCord, c. f.	1	1	0	0	1	Day, p	0	0	1	2	0
J. Raleigh, r. f.	1	1	1	1	0	Rule, s s	0	1	6	3	0
Totals.	8	14	27	14	5	Totals.	1	4	27	12	9

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	Runs.
Hudson	0	0	0	5	0	0	3	0	0	—8
Orange	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	—1

Runs earned—Hudson, 5. First base by errors—Hudson, 3; Orange, 2. Umpire, Mr. Clare, Orange Club.

WITOKA vs. ALASKA.

On Oct. 3 a game which was more than usually interesting, and marked by some fine plays, took place between these clubs on the Centennial Grounds, Jersey City, N. J. The Alaskas fielded magnificently, and scored the greater number of base-hits, but the hitting of the Witokas was most effective.

WITOKA.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.	ALASKA.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.
Booth, 3d b.	1	0	1	3	1	Rippslager, c.	0	1	6	1	1
Ring, l. f.	0	2	0	0	0	Sullivan, l. f.	1	0	0	0	0
Schaffer, 1st b.	0	0	14	0	1	Rice, 1st b.	0	2	16	0	0
Rass, 2d b.	0	0	4	4	0	Crane, 2d b.	0	0	2	5	0
Burns, s. s.	0	1	2	2	0	O'Neil, p.	0	0	2	0	0
Palmer, s. s.	0	0	0	2	2	P. Tracy, s. s.	0	0	1	1	0
Burns, r. f.	0	1	0	6	1	"Brown," 3d b.	0	0	1	1	0
Kent, p.	0	1	0	6	1	Kammera, c. f.	0	0	0	0	0
Bannon, c. f.	1	1	2	0	0	Dunnigan, r. f.	0	0	1	0	1
Lawlor, r. f.	1	1	1	0	0						
Totals.	3	6	27	17	6	Totals.	1	7	27	15	3

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	Runs.
Witoka	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	3	0	—3
Alaska	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	—1

Runs earned—Alaska, 1; Witoka, 2. First base by errors—Alaska, 3. Umpire, Mr. Corcoran. Time, 1h. 30m.

PROVIDENCE vs. BOSTON.
Close of the League Championship Series.

Over fifteen hundred persons witnessed the closing game of the championship series between the Boston and Providence Clubs, at Providence, R. I., Sept. 30. The result was in favor of the local team, who thus won three out of the four games played. The Bostons played without an error, in which respect they greatly excelled their opponents, but their base-running was poor. The running-getting is thus described: In the third inning George Wright got a base-hit, went to second on a wild pitch, took third on Burdock's out, Sweasy to Murnan, and scored on Jack Manning's single-bagger. Providence got their two runs in the fifth inning. Hines hit Tommy Bond, and then Carey sent the ball down to centre field. Hines made his second base on the hit and went to third on an attempt to field him out, Carey taking second on the throw-in. Hague, after banging out an error, sent a daisy-cutter straight down the diamond. George Wright went for it, so did Burdock; but the hit was too sharp, and when the ball stopped rolling out in centre field both the runners were safe.

PROVIDENCE.	T.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.	BOSTON.	T.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.
Higham, r. f.	5	0	1	1	0	0	Wright, s. s.	4	1	1	1	5	0
York, l. f.	4	0	2	2	0	0	Burdock, 2b.	4	0	0	7	3	0
Brown, c.	4	0	0	3	2	0	Manning, r. f.	4	0	2	2	0	0
Hines, c. f.	4	1	1	0	1	0	O'Rourke, c. f.	4	0	2	2	0	0
Carey, s. s.	3	1	1	0	7	1	Leonard, l. f.	3	0	1	0	0	0
Murnan, 1b.	3	0	1	13	0	1	Sutton, 3d b.	3	0	0	1	2	0
Hague, 3d b.	4	0	1	1	2	1	Morrill, 1st b.	4	0	1	8	1	0
Ward, p.	3	0	1	1	3	0	Snyder, c.	4	0	1	7	2	0
Sweasey, 2b.	3	0	1	3	4	0	Bond, p.	4	0	0	0	4	0
Totals.	32	2	9	27	17	3	Totals.	34	1	8	27	17	0

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	Runs.
Providence	0	0	0	0	2	0	0	0	0	—2
Boston	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	—1

Earned runs—Providence, 2. Two-base hit—Manning. First base on errors—Boston, 4. Double play—Wright, Burdock and Morrill, 2. Umpire, Wm. McLean of Philadelphia, Pa. Time, 2h. 5m.

BUFFALO vs. PROVIDENCE.

The great victory obtained by the Buffalo Club over the Bostons in a twelve-inning game, on Oct. 2, was supplemented by another over the Providence, R. I., nine, at the latter place next day, when thirteen innings were necessary to decide the contest. The batting was nearly equal, but the local team committed many errors.

BUFFALO.	T.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.	PROVID'NCE.	T.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.
M'G'ngle, r. f	6	0	1	2	0	0	Higham, r. f	6	3	0	0	0	0
Allen, 3d b.	6	1	2	1	0	1	York, l. f.	6	0	4	2	2	1
Eggler, c. f.	7	0	2	3	0	0	Brown, c.	6	0	1	11	4	3
Dolan, c.	6	0	0	7	3	3	Hines, c. f.	6	0	1	2	0	1
Fulmer, 2d b	6	2	1	1	6	0	Carey, s. s.	6	0	1	1	3	1
Libby, 1st b.	4	2	1	16	0	0	Murnan, 1b.	6	0	0	16	0	2
Hornung, l. f.	6	0	1	3	0	0	Hague, 3d b	6	0	0	2	3	0
Force, s. s.	5	0	1	1	4	0	Ward, p.	5	1	0	0	7	3
Galvin, p.	6	0	2	2	10	0	Sweasy, 2d b.	6	1	2	2	4	0
Totals.	51	6	10	39	23	4	Totals.	51	4	13	39	25	16

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	Runs.
Buffalo	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	0	0	0	—2
Providence	0	0	0	0	0	3	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	—3

Runs earned—Buffalo, 1. Two-base hits—Eggler, Libby, Sweasy. First base on errors—Buffalo, 12; Providence, 1. Double-plays—Sweasy and Murnan. Umpire, S. W. Nickerson. Time, 2h. 35m.

WITOKA vs. JERSEY CITY.

For the third time in succession was the score in this vicinity 5 to 1, when the Jersey Citys, at the Union Grounds on Oct. 1, defeated the Witokas, who derived strength from the accession of Schaeffer and Hayes of the disbanded Montgomery Club. The game was won by the fielding of the J. C.'s, who were clearly outbatted. Doian led the batting for his side, and Hayes for the Witokas. Troy attended to second base in fine style, and Bannon and Poorman pitched effectively.

JERSEY CITY.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.	WITOKA.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.
Quinn, r. f.	0	1	0	0	0	Booth, 3d b.	0	2	1	3	1
Sweeney, 1st b.	0	1	9	0	0	Reed, l. f.	0	0	1	0	0
Poorman, p.	1	1	1	4	1	Schaeffer, 1st b	0	0	11	1	1
Troy, 2d b.	2	0	2	5	0	Rass, 2d b.	0	1	3	2	3
Hicker, 3d b.	0	0	2	3	0	Palmer, s. s.	0	0	3	3	0
Shandley, l. f.	0	1	1	0	0	Callahan, 3b.	1	2	0	0	0
Lewis, c. f.	0	0	1	3	1	West, 2b.	0	1	1	0	0
Meehan, c.	1	1	6	3	2	Kent, p.	0	0	0	1	3
Sullivan, l. f.	0	1	1	0	0	Bannon, p.	0	0	0	0	0
Totals.	5	9	27	18	8	Totals.	1	7	27	14	12

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	Runs.
Jersey City	0	0	0	1	2	0	0	2	0	—5
Witoka	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	—1

Runs earned—Jersey City, 0; Witoka, 0. First base on errors—Jersey City, 4; Witoka, 5. Umpire, Mr. Walker. Time, 1h. 50m.

LOWELL vs. UTICA.

These clubs came together at Utica, N. Y., Sept. 30, when the home nine, although making fewer errors and scoring more bases on clean hits, were vanquished—as a result due to the Lowells bunching their hits and the Uticas' errors falling together.

UTICA.	T.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.	LOWELL.	T.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.
Latham, 2b.	5	0	1	1	2	1	Hawes, 2d b.	6	0	2	3	6	1
Kennedy, l. f.	6	0	1	3	0	0	F. Whit'y, l. f.	5	2	2	0	1	0
Richm'd, s. s.	4	1	1	0	6	0	Wright, s. s.	6	1	2	1	5	0
Rich ds'n, cf.	4	2	2	1	1

OTHELLO'S DEFENSE.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

Most potent, grave and reverend senators,
My very sober and eccentric hairpins,
That I have frozen to this old man's daughter
Is most true; true, I have smashed her;
The very head and tail of my offending
Would not be thirty days. You know my speech;
It may be rude, but yet I am no cuy.
I plead my case myself because I scorn
To pay retaining fees to any lawyer,
Who could not tell a plain, unvarnished tale
As I can. Even the Count demanded five-
And-twenty cents security. I'll give
The simple story, senators, myself.
Her father loved me; oft invited me
To have a glass of beer (for which I paid),
And questioned me about my early life;
What fights I'd had; how many rounds in each;
How often I had ever struck a rig;
The number of the days upon the Island
That I had passed.
I told him all. How once I served the State
At Sing Sing, in rough quarries, breaking rocks;
How I had been to Jersey and beheld
A man put lightning down his throat,
And then rise up and cry aloud: "The same!"
I told him this, and Desdemona heard
And fumbled to the racket. Once, I know
She gave me for my pains rheumatic salve,
And only once; my story being done,
She swore—in faith, 'twas strange, 'twas passing
She did not swear more frequently! [strange,
At last, I took her to the theatre, whence
We did proceed unto an oyster house,
And while the stew was making I did speak,
She loved me for the oysters that I gave,
And I loved her that she did swallow them
As easily as you will swallow this, my tale! M. C.

LENA'S FOLLY.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY BARRY CROTON.

Pretty Lena Wetmore was profoundly miserable. With a pleasant home, indulgent parents, robust health, and a lover, this unreasonable young lady still found cause to be wretched. Perhaps the fault was not wholly hers. Perhaps the lover in question—broad-shouldered, big-hearted Ben Sawyer—should have been held largely responsible for the unhappy condition in which Miss Lena found herself. As it does not directly concern this narrative, I shall not undertake to explain just how the quarrel between these two began. It is enough to chronicle the fact that jealousy was the prime cause. Had that horrid Ellen Sherbrook—the adjective is Miss Lena's, not mine—never visited Southtown, it is fair to assume that there would have been no quarrel. But the visit was made, and the horrid Ellen bewitched the big-hearted Ben. He played croquet with her, he took her boating on the river, he drove her out in his new buggy; and all the while the very eyes of his acknowledged sweetheart, Lena Wetmore. It was too much. The flimsy covering of cousinship—for the horrid Ellen was Ben's cousin—offered but a poor excuse for such conduct. The brazen explanation of Ben himself, that he treated Miss Esterbrook precisely as he would treat anybody who happened to be his sister's guest, was preposterous. Lena demanded back her letters and photograph. She packed her engagement ring in its original box, and addressed it to "Mr. Ben Sawyer." After three days of hysterical sobs she became suspiciously calm. She declared that she would do something desperate, and I regret to say that she carried out her threat.

Added to many other accomplishments, Lena Wetmore was a capital singer—not artistic, nor by any means great, but with a clear, strong soprano voice, and a good ear for music. Nature had done much for her in this respect, and art very little. Her taste may have been crude, but it was honest. "Down in a Coal-mine" suited her much better than any classic music, and she said so frankly. As a matter of duty she sang "Dundee" on Sunday, and as a matter of choice she sang "Hildebrandt Montrose" the rest of the week.

In making up her mind to do something desperate, Lena did not forget her vocal attainments. The Winter before, when the Ethiopian-American Novelty Company had exhibited in Southtown, she had attended the performance with Ben as an escort. There was nothing but bitterness in the memory of that evening now, except the serio-comic singer. It was the first variety show that Lena ever saw, and it left a lasting impression on her mind. Even before her heart was broken she had sometimes thought how jolly a thing it would be to sing on the stage just as the queen of the serio-comics did in the G. A. N. C. This queen, by the way, was a very dashing young woman, with very short skirts and very yellow hair; and her most astonishing song had to do with driving a fast horse, in singing which she shouted "Hi-yi!" a great many times, and cracked a small whip with much vigor. It was to be confessed that there was very little music in her voice; but she made noise enough for a brass band. Moreover, the generous display of silk stockings seemed to please the young men of Southtown extremely; and the queen of the serio-comics had been talked about for weeks after her appearance. Lena was quite sure she could sing better than this queen; and she acknowledged to herself, with a possible blush, that even in short skirts she would be attractive—for nature had curved the lines of her form far more voluptuously than did the pads of the costumer for the professional queen. So, after mature deliberation, Lena Wetmore determined that she would run away from home and become a serio-comic singer.

The running-away was an unpleasant but necessary preliminary. Of course her parents would veto any such plan as she had resolved upon, should she unfold it to them. The only alternative was to go without their knowledge. Although always an impetuous and sometimes a headstrong girl, Lena's courage must have failed her in this wild scheme had it not been for the sharp sting of disappointed love. As it was, jealousy goaded her on, and wounded pride gave her strength. She would show the faithless Ben that she could live without him; and the horrid Ellen should learn what a girl of spirit could do.

Southtown is sixty miles from New York, and on the bank of the Hudson. Lena decided that the metropolis would be the place of all others to make her debut. She had visited the city a dozen times, perhaps, and could find her way easily from the Forty-second-street Depot to Stewart's. By the aid of a Cooper Institute, Sixth avenue and Central Park, she knew very little of the localities of New York. She was quite confident, however, that she could find her way about—at least sufficiently to call at the theatres.

It was on a certain Tuesday evening that Lena stepped on board the Hudson-river train at the Southtown station. She was closely veiled, else the passengers might have noticed that her face was very white. As it was, she trembled with excitement, but never permitted her courage to fail. She had packed the few things which she cared to take with her in a satchel; and she had succeeded, after much skilful manœuvring in getting this into the house undiscovered. The important item of money had caused her less trouble than it does runaways usually, for she had a hundred dollars to her credit in the bank—deposited there by her father on her eighteenth birthday. This money she had drawn out during the day, and it seemed to her a really exhaustless sum. With some sharp twinges of regret, and with many loving adjectives, Lena had written a farewell letter to her parents. It was somewhat vague, but conveyed the idea that she was too miserable to remain longer in Southtown, and added that she had set forth to seek her fortune alone. There was no hint of the young lady's intentions to become a serio-comic singer, but the epistle closed with these words: "When you read this I shall be many miles from home, and shall at once enter upon an honorable means of gaining a livelihood." This important letter had been mailed at the Southtown post-office just before the train started, and would not, therefore, be received by Lena's parents until the following morning.

The ride seemed very long to Lena. More than once she regretted the rash step she had taken, and could have cried with a zest. But, though her lips quivered, she held back the tears; and when the train rolled into the Forty-second-street depot she nerved herself for the trying task before her. It was ten o'clock, and a more courageous girl than Lena might have felt frightened at the prospect of traveling through the city unprotected. With no very definite idea as to where she was going, she entered a Fourth avenue car and rode as far as Fourteenth street. There she got off, and good fortune led her to a respectable hotel, where her modest appearance served as a passport. That night was the most wretched she had ever known. Too nervous to sleep she could only lie and think; and thinking brought nothing but bitter remorse. She was up dressed by six o'clock. Then, after a light breakfast in the restaurant, she wandered forth and sat down on one of the benches in Union square. The clear sky and bracing air of the September morning did much towards reviving her drooping spirits; and when, a little later, the city had awakened to its accustomed bustle and activity, Lena began to feel strong and determined again. She bought a morning paper and marked out the theatres which she resolved to visit, wondering at the same time why the locations of more than half of them were not given. She was too shy to ask information from strangers, and so set out to find what she wanted unassisted.

It should be remembered that, while Lena had fully made up her mind to become a serio-comic singer, she had no knowledge of the distinction drawn between the variety and the legitimate stage. It was not surprising that, in her search for employment, she should enter a Broadway house where the very mention of serio-comic was enough to shock the superfine sensibilities of the aristocratic proprietors. Trembling in every nerve, Lena stepped up to the box-office and inquired if she could see the manager. She was directed to a side-door leading from the lobby, which, in response to her timid rap, was opened by Mr. Roland Rugby himself. An impressive-looking gentleman was Mr. Rugby—tall, portly and pompous. His small, black moustache was waxed, and his iron-gray hair was brushed back with faultless nicety. No play ever produced in his theatre was more elaborate in the way of details than Mr. Rugby's toilet. From his white cravat to his patent-leather shoes, everything was, in the language of the playbills, unprecedented in splendor.

"What can I do for you?" he asked, waving his hand towards a seat and sinking into a luxurious easy-chair himself.

Poor Lena turned very red, and could scarcely find voice to reply. At last, with much hesitation, she said:

"I have called, sir, to see if I could get an engagement."

"Really, there is no vacancy in the company now—none whatever. Might I inquire what line of business you are accustomed to follow?"

Lena looked in blank amazement at the immaculate manager. What did he mean?

"I wanted," she stammered—"I wanted to get an opportunity to sing—as—as a serio-comic!"

It was now Mr. Rugby's turn to look amazed.

"A serio-comic!" he repeated, staring Lena hard in the face. "Are you not aware that this is a strictly legitimate house? We never play any variety business here. You will find that sort of thing over on the Bowery."

Mr. Rugby rose, held the door open, and bowed stiffly as Lena passed out. The latter hurried from the lobby with burning cheeks and throbbing heart. She felt that she had made a ridiculous mistake somehow, though just what it was she did not know. If this was to be a specimen of her theatrical experience, she could endure no more of it. What did the manager mean by "a legitimate house?" The very expression brought a deeper blush to Lena's face, and made her angry, alike with herself and the elegant Mr. Rugby. In all her planning she had never taken any thought of how she was to secure an engagement. That had been assumed as a certainty, and a certainty which involved no particular labor. Now it began to loom up as an insurmountable obstacle.

Lena found her way to the Bowery, and towards noon mustered up courage to make a second application for employment. This time she assured herself by reading the bill that serio-comics appeared at the theatre; and, although the manager received her in his shirt-sleeves, and spoke somewhat gruffly, she liked him much better than the aristocratic Rugby.

"What can you do?" asked the manager of Silsby's Varieties.

"I can sing," answered Lena promptly, determined to show no lack of confidence in her own ability.

"Where did you close last?"

"Where did I—what?"

"Close. Ain't you a profesh?"

"I don't understand you, sir," said Lena, beginning to lose her confidence again.

"You're a hamature," explained Mr. Silsby. "I don't bank on hamatures generally, but I'll hear what you can do. Step into the theatre."

Lena followed the manager, who led the way to the stage. There, at his request, she sang two or three songs, and sang them so well that Mr. Silsby at once consented to give her a trial.

"If you make a go of it," added the manager, "I'll book you for two weeks."

With a very vague idea of what it was to be "booked," Lena determined to make a "go of it" at all hazards.

"Got any wardrobe?" inquired Mr. Silsby as they returned to the lobby.

Lena was forced to confess that she had not, but hastened to add that she could buy whatever might be necessary. Just here a dashing young woman came up to the manager, accosted him familiarly, and stared a little curiously at Lena.

"This is Jennie Jollivar," explained Mr. Silsby. "Probably you've heard of her—she's the boss jiggist in the business!"

This explanation was not very clear to Lena; but she bowed to Miss Jollivar, who, in turn, held out her hand, exclaiming:

"Glad to meet you. Got a date?"

Lena turned appealingly to Mr. Silsby, who answered for her:

"She's a hamature, Jennie. I'm going to give her a chance, and if she hits 'em I shall book her. Maybe you might help her some about her wardrobe and business."

"That's what I'll do!" replied Miss Jollivar good-naturedly. "Just come along with me, and I'll rig you out immense!"

So Lena was taken in charge by the jolly Jollivar. The latter, in spite of her somewhat questionable training, was really a kind-hearted girl, and, under the circumstances, a competent instructor. She took Lena to her modest apartments in Chrystie street, and there produced a costume which she considered just the thing for a serio-comic. Indeed, she had worn it herself when singing was her business. Under the Jollivar's direction Lena donned this gorgeous outfit, which consisted of a yellow silk skirt, a pink bodice, flesh-colored stockings and gilt shoes.

"There!" exclaimed the boss jiggist, "if you don't mash 'em, I'm a ham!"

Lena blushed as she gazed down at the abbreviated skirt, which left so much of the flesh-colored stockings exposed; but, recalling the queen in the Gigantic American Novelty Company, she refrained from uttering any protest. The waist of the dress would also have shocked her modesty under ordinary circumstances, as it had evidently been cut from a very scant pattern; but such things, she concluded, were both permissible and necessary for the stage. Besides, Lena's form was one which needed no dress to make it beautiful.

That afternoon the Jollivar put her pupil through a dress-rehearsal, and gave her many valuable hints as to stage-business. Lena was so quick to catch an idea, and displayed such aptitude for her work, that both the Jollivar and Mr. Silsby were outspoken in their praise.

"She's bound to hit 'em!" remarked the manager, as Lena finished "Hildebrandt Montrose."

"Hit 'em?" repeated the Jollivar. "Why, she'll paralyze 'em—see if she don't!"

At half-past seven that evening Lena made her way through the stage-door of Silsby's Varieties, with heart beating fast from excitement. The manager had decided to give her the chance to appear without delay, and the Jollivar had been untiring in her duties as instructor. In the small green-room through which Lena passed to reach the Jollivar's dressing-room her presence called forth general comment. One of the song-and-dance men pronounced her "a daisy," while the other denominated her "a buster." The German vocalist inquired if the company "noticed her eye," and the gentleman addicted to juggling remarked that she was "a hairpin to be cultivated!" I regret to say that the feminine portion of the company was less complimentary in its comments, maliciously insinuating that Miss Leonora Lennox (that was the name which the Jollivar had insisted upon Lena's adopting) was considerably "too fresh."

Meantime Lena was making her toilet under the Jollivar's care, and submitting to a judicious application of rouge and powder. When the last touch had been given, and she looked at herself in the broken mirror, Lena found it hard to recognize herself in the highly-colored, black-browed face that met her gaze. She seemed to have undergone as complete a change as her name. Still the Jollivar assured her that she "looked immense," and, with this assurance, led the way to the wings.

"You're next!" whispered the jolly Jennie as they stood watching the juggler. "Now, take it cool—don't get frightened—and you'll mash 'em sure!"

The juggler finished his act, the orchestra struck up "Moonlight in the Park," the prompter's bell rang, and Miss Leonora Lennox stepped from the wings to the front of the stage. With a moment that was for poor Lena! Before her a sea of faces—all of them the faces of men or boys—some repulsive, some hardened, staring at her brazenly and steadily. The glare of the footlights in her eyes almost blinded her. The fumes of smoke from the auditorium—for Silsby's Varieties was a democratic house—choked her. She felt a sinking sensation, as if the stage were giving way under her feet. The orchestra had finished the prelude, and it was time for her to begin. By a mighty effort she struck up the air, and succeeded in getting through with the first stanzas and the chorus. But she had forgotten all the lessons which the Jollivar had given; and, instead of taking three steps to the left and turning on one toe, as she had been instructed to do, she stood immovable as a statue. Still her voice was so musical and her beauty so striking that the audience applauded liberally when Miss Jollivar, who was watching her pupil from the wings, exclaimed in a loud whisper:

"That's the cheese!"

Thus encouraged, Lena might have got through with the other two stanzas, and perhaps even have mastered her fright; but at that critical moment her eyes swept the auditorium, and she saw—yes, there, standing by the door and gazing at her with an expression of supreme horror, she saw the familiar face of Ben Sawyer! There was a ringing sound in her ears; the footlights danced up and down; the sea of faces rolled in uncertain billows; her vision grew blurred, and then all was blank.

When Lena opened her eyes again she was lying in the greenroom, with Ben Sawyer bending over her and bathing her temples. For the rest, it seemed more like a dream than anything else. She remembered afterwards how kind Ben was—how he drove her to a hotel, where she spent the night, and how, on the following morning, they set out together for Southtown. She remembered, too, how rejoiced her parents were, and how warmly they welcomed her back, and how nobody said a word to upbraid her for her folly.

Yes; she calls it by that name now, and laughs whenever the story is told. She has learned how Ben set out for New York the morning after her disappearance, how he had suspected that she would look to the stage for a livelihood, and how he had spent the day in visiting the theatres until chance carried him into Silsby's Varieties. She has learned all this, as well as the pleasant truth that big-hearted Ben loves her better than life itself, and that he is the best husband the wide world over. And, having gained this information, pretty Lena Sawyer can afford to laugh at her folly.

MLLE. ALMA VERDINI,

whose portrait adorns our first page, is a native of America. Her father, an Italian by birth, and a civil-engineer by profession, was killed by an accident when his daughter was very young, and, she shortly thereafter losing her mother, her friends sent her to Paris, France, where she was placed in a convent to complete her education. She there evinced great aptitude for music, and, the fine quality of her voice attracted critical attention. At one of the stated examinations of the pupils her singing evoked the fervid admiration of a lady of rank who occupied a high position in the musical circles of Paris, and she supplied Mlle. Verdini with the means to devote herself entirely to the study of vocalization under the best teachers in that city. Her first appearance in public was made at the Gaiete Theatre, Paris, and her success was so great that she was presented with a handsome service of silver by the Society of the Philharmonic Concerts of Savoy. During the Winter and Spring of 1877-8 she sang with signal favor at many of the principal concerts, private and public, given in Paris. She made her first appearance in England at the promenade concerts, Covent Garden, London, Aug. 3, 1878, and continued a chief attraction for four weeks. She is gifted with a voice of good quality, considerable power and extensive compass. She has remarkable personal advantages, and, it is thought, if she were to turn her attention to the lyric stage, she might become a dramatic soprano of the first rank.

SETH GREEN'S EXPERIMENT of stocking Lake Ontario with shad has resulted in the hatching of millions of them; but, although they were first put there seven years ago, they do not grow to be above eight inches long, and are not fit for food. They furnish excellent feeding for pickerel and bass, and fishermen complain that these fish will not take bait as formerly, so stuffed are they with young shad.

AUTUMN LEAVES.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY VANDYKE BROWN.

The leaves are turning yellow,
With the advent of October,
When every luckless fellow
Assumes an air that's sober
And proceeds to write an ode upon the season of the year,
Which brings an end, presumably, to foliage and beer.

This annual lamentation,
Which the rhymster still rehearses,
Has created a stagnation
In the sale of Autumn verses;
And therefore the subscriber would respectfully suggest
That all these sere and yellow poets proceed to take a rest.

A multitude of reasons
For this may be presented,
For example: all the seasons
Should make us quite contented;
And as for falling leaves, we know 'tis but a natural thing,
For if they did not take a drop they could not bud in Spring!

And why—pray why should Autumn
Make sad these sundry singers?
It rather should be taught 'em
That, compared with Summer's stingers,
Or the freezing breath of Winter, there's no weather in the year
So perfectly adapted both to punches hot and beer!

And as for this bewailing
Because of Autumn leaves,
The fellow must be ailing
Who can muse such verses weaves;
For, if he'd stop a moment to reflect on what he sings,
He'd find, in fact, that Autumn leaves some very pleasant things.

It leaves a man less lazy,
With less sweat upon his forehead;
It leaves the days more hazy,
And the nights not half so torrid;
It leaves a fellow livelier than Summer ever could,
With appetite well sharpened and digestive organs good.

It leaves the actors playing
In the city all so merry;
It leaves some time for paying
The bills of January;
It leaves your lighter ulster looking comfortable and fair
Which seemed to you in August a delusion and a snare.

It leaves the mornings moister,
With freshness still to sweeten;
It leaves the toothsome oyster
To be opened up and eaten;
It leaves the markets loaded with the juiciest of fruit,
It leaves you time to renovate your last year's Winter suit.

And so I hold the season
Should not be counted sober
For so insufficient reason
As the coming on of October;
And, concluding, I would say that, while such comfort Autumn leaves,
Believe me, I'd as lief the leaves were saffron-hued as sheaves!

THE GOLDEN WIDOW.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY BART. SMITH.

We were a pretty lively set with the G—— Combination, and one evening, after the performance was over, the quartet (as four of us were called on account of being almost inseparable) were seated around a comfortable fire in a cozy room of the hotel in which the combination was stopping. Reminiscences, anecdotes and funny gags followed in rapid succession, and the ceiling of the room was fairly trembling from the loud shouts of laughter and general hilarity, when Dandy, and how, on the following morning, they set out together for Southtown. She remembered, too, how rejoiced her parents were, and how warmly they welcomed her back, and how nobody said a word to upbraid her for her folly.

"By the way, Joe," said I to one of the party, "how about the widow and you several years ago? Seen her lately?"

"Say nothing; it's a sore spot yet."

"Boys, Joe has never told you of his thrilling adventure with the widow whom he mashed at first sight, has he?"

"No!" "Let's have it, Joe!" and various other remarks and entreaties were made till he consented to give us the story of his conquest.

"Well, boys, it's a very laughable affair, and I frequently enjoy a hearty ha-ha over it, although at the time it occurred I was far from laughing. You see I had just struck St. Louis from the country town where I was born, and, having a little dust in my clothes and ambition to become an actor (believing I possessed the requisite 'dramatic fire'), I was induced to back a 'snap' with my ducats. I was to be treasurer and everything else, as well as 'act;' and as it was a good company—particularly the effect produced on one chambermaid when the hero kisses the other. The author is confident that the piece will prove a success, and offers to convince anybody who doubts it by reading the entire five acts aloud. He says, moreover, that its success will be an anomaly; for while "Jane Shore," "Olivia" and "Clarissa Harlowe" (three of a kind) fell flat, "The Two Chambermaids" (a pair) will run a hundred nights. Thus, as he claims, there are circumstances under which a single pair may beat three of a kind.

WHEN AUTUMN TINTS THE LEAVES WITH GOLD.

RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED TO FANNIE BEANE,
BY WM. EMMETT MCNULTY. MUSIC BY HARRY SPIERS.
(ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.)

When Autumn tints the leaves with gold,
And lillies droop and die;
When Wintery winds blow fierce and cold
Where daisies scattered lie,
Safe in my arms will be—
The bells will ring my wedding chime
And bring new joys to me.

Chorus.

Ring, ring, ye silv'ry chiming bells! *(Dance Sym.)*
Loud let the joyous echoes swell! *(Dance Sym.)*
Then speed, ye happy hours, away,
With pleasures yet unrolled,
And bring to me my blissful day
When Autumn tints the leaves with gold.

We'll wander 'mid the falling leaves
Across the russet plain,
And down among the golden sheaves
We'll tell our love again.
Our life will be a fairy dream,
From sorrow's thorns e'er free;
Then sweet away, ye sunny hours—
Bring back my love to me!

Chorus.

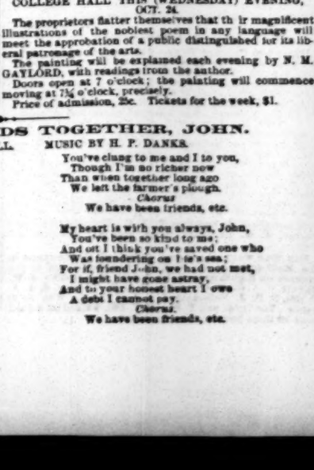
Ring, ring, ye silv'ry chiming bells! *(Dance Sym.)*
Loud let the joyous echoes swell! *(Dance Sym.)*
Then speed, ye happy hours, away,
With pleasures yet unrolled,
And bring to me my blissful day,
When Autumn tints the leaves with gold.

THE THUNDERER.

In the purely realistic drama a good many important factors do not make themselves apparent on the surface. We see the moon rise, for example, and rarely take any thought of the hard-working young man who makes it rise. We are warmed up to a high pitch of enthusiasm by the freezing naturalness of a snowstorm, but forget to give credit to the faithful auxiliaries who are furnishing the flakes. So it happens with our friend here, who is a worthy representative of an unappreciated class. Nobody ever gets up an ovation in his praise, and he is conceded to be one of the greatest thunderers the world has ever seen. He makes his thunder in the primitive way—i. e., by striking a gong and rattling a piece of sheet-iron—but both in quantity and quality it is equal to the latest designs. Half of the effect of the thrilling melodrama would be lost without thunder. Understanding this fact, our friend holds himself in readiness to furnish all responsible managers with the very best of thunder by the clap, bolt, or continuous roll. It is a little singular that, while the manufacture of lightning is supposed to be confined exclusively to Jersey, artificial thunder is made the world over. Our friend here, who has a classic education and is familiar with the story of Prometheus, is fully convinced that that hero could have got no need of stealing the fire of the gods had he lived in that age. He could have furnished all such material in quantities to suit, and without troubling the gods. Indeed, he would scorn to steal anybody's thunder.

OH, DOD LIMPURGER GHEESE.

RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO MISS AGGIE GARVEY,
BY JOSEPH G. WOOD, DHER GERMAN AMBASSADOR.



I'e lifted many years in Hoboken—
You can see, dhough, dod I'm German born—
I don'd speak dhem English vhat's broken,
Und I freely acknowledge dher corn.
Ad night, when my day's work is ofer,
I like to set down at mine lager-beer,
Und a blade of good limpurger gheese!

Chorus.

Oh, dod limpurger gheese,
I ligke me dod sduff poo ly vhell.
Dree gheers for dod limpurger ghee-e-e-ese—
Fy crashious, dod's god a fine shmell!

Dhere's liverwurtz, sheek und bologney—
Dhey are all vhery vell in dheir vhay;
Dhere's kroud, doo, und bodado salad—
To me dhey are sdrong as dod's lay;
Of all dher good dhings vhich mein goundry
Sends to us from ofer dher seas
Deer ligke me dod sduff dhey call limpurger gheese.

Chorus.

Oh, dod limpurger gheese,
I ligke me dod sduff poody vhell.
Dree gheers for dod limpurger ghee-e-e-ese—
Fy crashious, dod's god a fine shmell!

Dher Yankees ligke pies, gakes, und doughnuds.
Dher Frenchmen ligke vreegerseed frogs;
Dher English ligke roast peef und muddon,
Und dher Ghinese ead stowed gad und dogs;
Bud dhey can'd even dhe dhings we're in glofe
Mid dod sduff dod magkes mosd beople schneeze
Vhy! I radder vould go widoud eading
As to go widoud limpurger gheese!

Chorus.

Oh, dod limpurger gheese,
I ligke me dod sduff poody vhell.
Dree gheers for dod limpurger ghee-e-e-ese—
Fy crashious, dod's god a fine shmell!

IN CINCINNATI, O., IN 1849.

From a copy of *The Daily Chronicle and Atlas*, dated Oct. 24, 1849, published in the city above named and sent us from Detroit, Mich., by E. P. Taylor, we reproduce the advertisements of amusements therein contained. James W. Bates died in Cincinnati, O., in February, 1853—he was the son of the owner of the theatre, John Bates, who died there July 26, 1870; David A. Sarzedas is in retirement in Louisville, Ky.; James E. Murdoch has been before the public of late years only as a reader—he is to be professor of elocution in the College of Music, Cincinnati; C. F. Adams died in Washington, D. C., Feb. 9, 1854; Harry Chapman, Jr., died in this city May 23, 1865; Mrs. Chapman Crisp died in Waco, Texas, June 25, 1873; Mlle. Vallee is either the widow of Ben De Bar or her sister; Mrs. Harry Chapman, *see* Julia Drake, is now performing in England with one of Jarrett & Palmer's "Uncle Tom's Cabin" companies. The American Theatre was subsequently known as the People's, and later as Wood's Theatre, and is now no more. Henry Lewis is in retirement in Philadelphia, Pa.; W. M. Fleming died in this city May 7, 1866; Joseph P. Breisford died Aug. 8, 1854, from injuries received while bathing at Coney Island—he drove into the water from the shoulders of one of his companions, and had miscalculated its depth; Tom G. Booth died in Toronto, Ont., Aug. 18, 1855; Mrs. Wilkinson was in after years better known under her maiden name of Charlotte Crampton—she died in Louisville, Ky., Oct. 5, 1875; we think the Mrs. Kent referred to must have been the lady of that name, *see* Elizabeth Eberle, who died in Cincinnati July 21, 1850; R. H. Silter, the manager of the Empire Minstrels, better known as Dick Silter, an accomplished jig-dancer, died in Jackson, Mich., May 21, 1861.

NATIONAL THEATRE.

J. W. Bates ..... Proprietor and Manager
D. A. Sarzedas ..... Acting and Stage Manager

PRICES OF ADMISSION.—Dress circle, 50c.; children under 12 years to dress circle, 25c.; boxes, 50c.; parquet, 25c.; boxes for colored persons, 25c.; gallery for colored persons, 10c.

Time of raising the curtain altered.
Doors open at ½ before 7 o'clock; the performance will commence at 7½.
Fourth night of the engagement of MR. MURDOCH.
ON WEDNESDAY EVENING, OCT. 24,
will be acted Schiller's play of
THE ROBBERS.

Charles De Moor, Spiegelberg ..... Mr. Chapman
Mr. Murdoch | Schufterle ..... Mrs. Crisp
Francis De Moor ..... Mr. Adams

After which the CACHUCHA by MLLE. VALLEE.
To conclude with the laughable farce of
COUSIN LAMBKIN.

Dr. Lionel Lambkin ..... Mr. Chapman
Daisty ..... Mrs. Chapman

AMERICAN THEATRE,
Corner of Sixth and Vine streets.

H. Lewis ..... Lessee and Manager

PRICES OF ADMISSION.—Dress circle, 30c.; sofa seats, 50c.; boxes, 25c.; gallery, 10c.; gallery for colored persons, 10c.; reserved seats for colored persons, 25c.
Doors open at 7 o'clock, curtain rises at 7½.
Third night of the engagement of the young American Tragedian MR. W. M. FLEMING.
WEDNESDAY EVENING, OCT. 24,
the performance will commence with the drama of
THE LAST DAYS OF POMPEII.

Lydon ..... Mr. W. M. Fleming | Nydia ..... Mrs. Wilkinson
Arbaces ..... Mr. Brelsford | Saga ..... Mrs. Kent
Burbe ..... Mr. T. G. Booth
COMIC PAS DE DEUX BY MR. GOODWIN AND MISS ..... KATE WALTERS.
COMIC SONG ..... MR. T. G. BOOTH
To conclude with the very laughable farce of
SOMEBODY ELSE.

Ernest Walbourg ..... Mr. Brelsford
Hans Moritz ..... Mr. T. G. Booth
Minnie ..... Mrs. Kent

FOURTH WEEK.—R. H. SLITER'S EMPIRE MINSTRELS tender their sincere thanks to the citizens of Cincinnati for their very liberal patronage during the past three weeks, and beg leave to announce that they will give another of their Popular Entertainments
AT MASONIC HALL ON MONDAY EVENING, OCT. 22,
and continue every evening during the week.
On which occasion they will introduce
NEW SONGS, BURLE-QUES, DANCES, ETC.
Doors open at 7 o'clock; concert commences at 7½ o'clock.
Cards of admission, 30c. No half-prices.

MILTON'S PARADISE LOST.

WOLFE & CO.'S GRAND PICTORIAL ILLUSTRATIONS OF PARADISE LOST AND REGAINED

The citizens of Cincinnati are informed that this sublime production of the most eminent Western artiste will be exhibited at
COLLEGE HALL THIS (WEDNESDAY) EVENING, OCT. 24.

The proprietors flatter themselves that th ir magnificent illustrations of the noblest poem in any language will meet the approbation of a public distinguished for its liberal patronage of the arts.

The painting will be explained each evening by N. M. GAYLORD, with readings from the author.
Doors open at 7 o'clock; the painting will commence moving at 7½ o'clock, precisely.
Price of admission, 25c. Tickets for the week, $1.

WE HAVE BEEN FRIENDS TOGETHER, JOHN.

WORDS BY SAMUEL N. MITCHELL. MUSIC BY H. P. DANKS.

We have been friends together, John,
For five-and-forty years,
And on this cold and heartless world
We've scattered smiles and tears;
We've climbed the rugged hill of life,
And shared its joy and care,
But now the frosts of many years
Are shining in our hair.

Chorus.—We have been friends together, John,
For five and forty years.
And on this cold and heartless world
We've scattered smiles and tears.

Although you've been quite lucky, John,
And laid a fortune by,
You have not let a foolish pride
Into our friendship fly;
You've clung to me and I to you,
Though I'm no richer now
Than when together long ago
We left the farmer's plough.

Chorus.

We have been friends, etc.

My heart is with you always, John,
You've been so kind to me;
And oft I think you've saved one who
Was foundering on life's sea;
For if, friend John, we had not met,
I might have gone astray,
And to your honest heart I owe
A debt I cannot pay.

Chorus.

We have been friends, etc.

CLIPPER VARIETIES.

Comprising Negro Minstrelsy---Sentimental Ballads---Comic Songs---Theatrical Jokes ---Circus Reminiscences---Old Playbills---Banjo Eccentricities, Etc.

WRITTEN AND COLLATED FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

IN THE OLDEN DAYS.

Now and then it is comforting to get a glimpse of a stage-scene such as we were accustomed to see years ago. The one here presented, for instance, has about it the flavor of the past—the aroma of the old school. The graceful maiden in short skirts, the half cavalier, half pantaloon, who stands leaning upon the table, the artist lost in meditation, the easel in the rear—carry us back to that time when point-lace had not entered into the composition of plays, and when dramas hinged on something besides the Seventh Commandment. Yes, it is refreshing to go back to those days and to study the scenes which delighted our fathers. There was a stronger smell of paint about the stage then—a something which separated it more sharply from every-day life. People did not look into their own drawing-rooms when the curtain went up, nor expect to find the latest fashions reproduced before the footlights. There was more that was illusive. Realism had not dawned. The short-skirted maiden who stands with gracefully-poised arms may be counterfeited to-day; but, unlike her predecessor, she is apt to climax a pirouette with the assertion "That's the kind of a hairpin I am!"

TWILIGHT SHADOWS.

BY SAM K. HODGDON. TO MY FRIENDS W. P. AND GEORGIE DEAN SPAULDING.

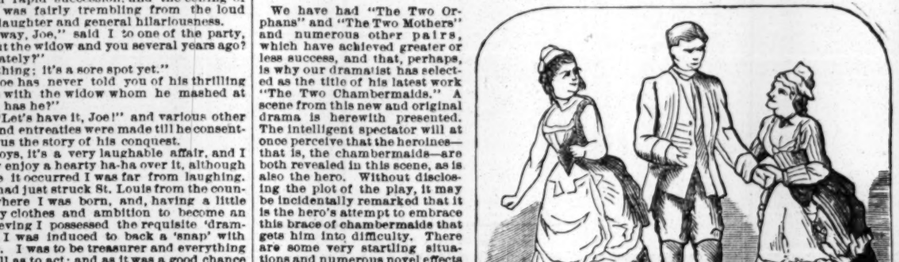
Softly fell the twilight shadows
O'er the dewy fields of clover,
When every luckless fellow
Assumes an air that's sober
Brightly beams the glow-worm's twinkle through the trees;
From the meadow by the river
Comes the scent of sweet wild-roses,
And the wheat is gently nodding in the breeze.
In the cottage porch reclining,
Wide awake, yet idly dreaming,
Gazing out upon the lakelets and the fells,
All at once I start enraptured,
For across the distant hilltops
Seemed to float the silv'ry music of the bells.
Through the dusk I hear them pealing;
O'er my senses softly stealing
Comes the sweet, bewitching music of the bells.

One by one the stars come peeping—
Peeping shyly through the gloaming
Set by guardian angels to illume the night;
While in all her radiant splendor,
Like a proud, majestic monarch,
Climbs the young moon slowly up her path of
But I scarcely see their brilliance, [light;
For my thoughts are widely straying,
As, unbidden, memory weaves her magic spells;
Moon and stars are both unheeded,
Nature's beauties are forgotten,
While I listen for the music of the bells.
Through the dusk I hear them pealing;
O'er my senses softly stealing
Comes the sweet, bewitching music of the bells.

It was but an idle fancy,
Just a moment of remembrance,
But it served to lift the curtain of the past,
And, as in a dream, revealing
Forms and faces to be cherished
In my heart of hearts, so long as life shall last.
There's a pleasure in recalling
Happy hours, though they've vanished,
And a heartfelt gladness nauoht on earth excels,
When upon the evening's shadows,
From across the hills and valleys,
O'er my senses softly stealing
Comes the sweet, bewitching music of the bells.

Ring, ring, ye silv'ry chiming bells! *(Dance Sym.)*
Loud let the joyous echoes swell! *(Dance Sym.)*
Then speed, ye happy hours, away,
With pleasures yet unrolled,
And bring to me my blissful day,
When Autumn tints the leaves with gold.

THE TWO CHAMBERMAIDS.



We have had "The Two Orphans" and "The Two Mothers" and numerous other pairs, which have achieved greater or less success, and that, perhaps, is why our dramatist has selected as the title of his latest work "The Two Chambermaids." A scene from this new and original drama is herewith presented. The intelligent spectator will at once perceive that the heroines—that is, the chambermaids—are both revealed in this scene, as is also the hero. Without disclosing the plot of the play, it may be incidentally remarked that it is the hero's attempt to embrace this brace of chambermaids that gets him into difficulty. There are some very startling situations and numerous novel effects—particularly the effect produced on one chambermaid when the hero kisses the other. The author is confident that the piece will prove a success, and offers to convince anybody who doubts it by reading the entire five acts aloud. He says, moreover, that its success will be an anomaly; for while "Jane Shore," "Olivia" and "Clarissa Harlowe" (three of a kind) fell flat, "The Two Chambermaids" (a pair) will run a hundred nights. Thus, as he claims, there are circumstances under which a single pair may beat three of a kind.

WHEN AUTUMN TINTS THE LEAVES WITH GOLD.

RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED TO FANNIE BEANE,
BY WM. EMMETT MCNULTY. MUSIC BY HARRY SPIERS.
(ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.)

When Autumn tints the leaves with gold,
And lillies droop and die;
When Wintery winds blow fierce and cold
Where daisies scattered lie,
Safe in my arms will be—
The bells will ring my wedding chime
And bring new joys to me.

Chorus.

Ring, ring, ye silv'ry chiming bells! *(Dance Sym.)*
Loud let the joyous echoes swell! *(Dance Sym.)*
Then speed, ye happy hours, away,
With pleasures yet unrolled,
And bring to me my blissful day,
When Autumn tints the leaves with gold.

We'll wander 'mid the falling leaves
Across the russet plain,
And down among the golden sheaves
We'll tell our love again.
Our life will be a fairy dream,
From sorrow's thorns e'er free;
Then sweet away, ye sunny hours—
Bring back my love to me!

Chorus.

Ring, ring, ye silv'ry chiming bells! *(Dance Sym.)*
Loud let the joyous echoes swell! *(Dance Sym.)*
Then speed, ye happy hours, away,
With pleasures yet unrolled,
And bring to me my blissful day,
When Autumn tints the leaves with gold.

THE THUNDERER.

In the purely realistic drama a good many important factors do not make themselves apparent on the surface. We see the moon rise, for example, and rarely take any thought of the hard-working young man who makes it rise. We are warmed up to a high pitch of enthusiasm by the freezing naturalness of a snowstorm, but forget to give credit to the faithful auxiliaries who are furnishing the flakes. So it happens with our friend here, who is a worthy

BASEBALL.

METROPOLITAN CHAMPIONSHIP.

At the Capitoline Grounds, on Sept. 30, superior batting won for the Hudsons a game that was stubbornly contested until the seventh inning, when the Orange Club scored its first run, and the winners added three to the two they had already made. The fielding in the last two innings was too sharp on both sides to admit of scoring upon either.

ORANGE.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Rule, p	0	0	2	5	3
Taylor, 1 f	0	0	0	0	0
Jackson, s s	0	0	0	4	2
Ward, 3d b	0	0	1	0	2
Thompson, c	0	0	7	3	5
Dunne, 2d b	0	2	5	5	0
Day, c f	1	0	0	0	1
Usher, 1 f	0	1	0	3	0
Williams, r f	0	0	0	0	0
Totals	1	4	27	14	11

HUDSON	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Farrell, 2d b	2	2	2	2	1
R. Raleigh, c	3	2	4	1	1
M. Smith, 3d b	1	0	0	2	1
Schenck, c	1	0	2	0	1
Lavin, 1st b	0	1	9	0	1
R. Smith, 1 f	1	2	1	0	0
Morgan, s s	2	1	0	4	0
McCord, c f	1	1	1	0	0
J. Raleigh, r f	1	0	1	0	0
Totals	12	10	18	11	6

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
Orange	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	1
Hudson	0	1	0	0	0	1	0	0	1	3

Run earned—Hudson, 1; Orange, 0. First base on errors—Hudson, 6; Orange, 3. Umpire, Mr. Ring. Time, 1h. 55m.

By a precisely similar score the Flyaways verified their name in encountering the New York Club at the Union Grounds, on the same date. Clinton's play in left field was the chief charm of the contest, although that of his coadjutors Walker, Tanner, Anderson and Kelly was faultless. For the Flyaways, the most effective service was rendered by Wareham and Coughlin, who led the batting, and by Tilly, McCann and Wadsworth. Holden led at the bat on the losing side.

FLYAWAY.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Wadsworth, s s	0	1	3	3	0
Towart, 3d b	1	1	3	3	1
Coughlin, 1st b	2	2	8	0	0
Cramer, c	0	4	9	1	4
Fleet, 2d b	0	0	2	1	0
McCann, p	0	0	0	2	0
Wareham, r f	1	2	1	0	0
Lilly, l f	1	1	2	0	1
Nolan, c f	1	0	0	0	0
Totals	7	12	28	10	6

NEW YORK.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Anderson, 3d b	0	0	2	3	0
Holder, p	0	2	0	0	0
Tanner, 2d b	0	1	1	4	0
Walker, 1st b	1	1	10	0	0
Clinton, l f	0	1	10	0	0
Mack, r f	0	0	0	0	1
Golden, c	0	0	4	0	0
Kelly, s s	0	0	2	2	0
Totals	1	5	27	9	1

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
Flyaway	2	1	0	1	1	0	0	0	0	5
New York	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	1

Earned runs—Flyaway, 4; New York, 0. First base on errors—Flyaway, 0; New York, 3. Umpire, Mr. Sheppard of the Flyaway Club. Time, 1h. 2m.

HUDSON vs. WITOKA.

These teams met on the Capitoline Oct. 2, in their third game of the series, which the Hudsons captured by one run, after playing eleven innings.

HUDSON.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
M. Farrell, r f	0	2	0	1	0
R. Raleigh, c	1	1	8	1	0
M. Smith, 3d b	2	1	4	2	2
Schenck, c	1	2	0	4	2
Levin, 1st b	1	3	10	1	0
R. Smith, l f	1	2	2	0	0
Morgan, p	0	1	6	1	2
McCord, 2d b	1	3	9	2	2
J. Raleigh, s s	0	1	1	2	1
Totals	7	16	33	13	10

WITOKA.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Rooth, 3d b	2	2	1	4	0
Reed, l f	1	1	2	0	0
Schaffer, 1st b	1	1	16	2	2
Base, 2d b	0	0	7	2	0
Palmer, s s	2	3	0	2	1
Byrnes, p	0	1	1	4	3
Haves, c	0	1	6	3	2
Bannon, c f	0	0	2	0	0
McDonnell, r f	0	0	0	0	0
Totals	6	10	33	18	8

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	
Hudson	3	0	0	1	0	1	1	0	0	0	1	—7
Witoka	1	0	0	0	1	2	2	0	0	0	0	—6

Runs earned—Hudson, 3; Witoka, 2. First base by errors—Hudson, 4; Witoka, 3. Umpire, J. Ring. Time, 1h. 15m.

HUDSON vs. NEW YORK.

While the forgoing game was in progress at the Union the Hudsons were giving the New York nine particular fits on the Capitoline Grounds, as shown below:

HUDSON.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Farrell, 2d b	2	1	2	2	1
R. Raleigh, c	3	2	4	1	1
M. Smith, 3d b	1	0	2	2	1
Schenck, p	2	0	2	1	0
Lavin, 1st b	0	1	9	0	1
R. Smith, l f	1	2	1	0	0
Morgan, s s	2	1	0	4	0
McCord, c f	1	1	1	0	0
J. Raleigh, r f	1	0	1	0	0
Totals	13	8	22	10	4

NEW YORK.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Anderson, 3d b	1	1	1	1	0
Holden, l f	1	2	4	0	0
Tanner, 2d b	0	0	1	1	0
Clinton, p	0	1	4	2	0
Golden, c	0	0	0	0	0
Mack, r f	0	0	1	0	0
Kelly, s s	2	0	1	4	2
Totals	4	4	12	8	2

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	
Hudson	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	—2
New York	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	—0

Runs earned—Hudson, 1; New York, 1. First base by errors—Hudson, 2; New York, 3. Umpire, Mr. Dwyer. Time, 1h. 35m.

On the 4th the Hudsons and New Yorks again faced each other, this time on the Union Grounds, when they managed to work off a full game, which the Hudsons claimed as their own, the efforts of their opponents to delay it until after dark failing.

HUDSON.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
J. Farrell, 2d b	2	2	3	2	1
R. Raleigh, c	1	3	4	3	2
M. Smith, 3d b	1	1	3	4	0
Schenck, p	1	1	2	0	0
Lavin, 1st b	1	1	12	1	0
R. Smith, l f	1	1	3	0	0
Morgan, s s	1	1	2	3	1
McCord, c f	1	2	1	0	0
J. Raleigh, l f	1	1	0	1	1
Totals	10	14	27	15	7

NEW YORK.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Anderson, 3d b	0	1	0	6	0
Holden, p	0	0	1	1	0
Tanner, 2d b	0	0	1	1	1
Walker, 1st b	1	3	17	0	1
Clinton, c f	1	1	1	0	0
Golden, c	1	1	4	1	1
Murphy, l f	0	0	3	0	0
Kelly, s s	2	1	0	5	0
Mack, r f	1	1	1	0	1
Totals	6	9	27	14	4

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
New York	0	0	2	0	1	0	0	0	3	—6
Hudson	1	0	0	0	0	0	1	3	5	—10

Runs earned—Hudson, 7; New York, 2. First base by errors—Hudson, 3; New York, 3. Umpire, R. Rule. Time, 2h.

STAR vs. LOWELL.

An International game between these clubs at Syracuse, N. Y., Oct. 2, was easily won by the home team.

LOWELL.	T.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Hotaling, c	5	2	1	6	0	0
Farrell, 2d b	5	2	2	5	1	1
Dorgan, s s	5	0	0	1	2	0
Carpenter, 3b	5	1	0	1	3	2
Mansell, l f	5	1	2	6	0	0
McCorm'k, p	5	2	2	0	1	1
Heffer, 1st b	5	3	5	1	0	0
Devlin, r f	5	2	1	0	0	0
Adams, c f	5	1	2	5	1	0
Totals	46	11	14	27	5	2

STAR.	T.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Hawes, r f	4	0	2	0	0	0
F. Whit'y, l f	4	0	2	5	0	0
Wright, s s	4	1	1	1	3	0
Foley, 1b	3	0	0	9	0	0
Jones, c	4	0	1	3	1	0
Knight, p	3	0	0	0	5	0
Booth, 2b	3	1	1	2	5	3
A. Whit'y, 3b	3	0	0	2	2	0
Corcoran, l f	3	0	0	0	0	0
Carman, r f	3	0	0	1	0	0
Goldsmith, p	0	0	0	0	0	0
Spence, 3d b	3	0	0	2	5	1
Baker, c	3	0	0	7	2	2
Totals	42	2	7	32	23	6

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
Star	2	0	0	3	0	5	0	1	0	—11
Lowell	0	0	1	7	0	0	0	0	0	—1

Run earned—Star, 1. Double-plays—Adams, Farrell and Heffer. First base on errors—Star, 5; Lowell, 1. Two-base hits—Carpenter, Heifert, Booth. Umpire, John Dunn. Time, 1h. 50m.

Another international championship game was easily won by the home team from the Massachusetts nine Oct. 3, they batting very heavily and making but one error.

STAR.	T.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Hotaling, c	5	2	1	7	2	0
Farrell, 2b	5	3	2	1	2	0
Dorgan, s s	5	0	3	2	6	0
Carp'ter, 3b	5	2	1	2	2	0
Mansell, l f	5	1	2	1	0	0
McCorm'k, p	5	0	0	0	1	0
Heifer, 1b	5	2	2	10	1	0
Devlin, r f	4	1	1	0	0	0
Adams, c f	4	0	1	1	0	1
Totals	43	12	15	27	10	1

LOWELL.	T.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Hawes, r f	4	0	2	0	0	0
F. Whit'y, l f	4	0	2	5	0	0
Wright, s s	4	1	1	1	3	0
Foley, 1b	3	0	0	9	0	0
Jones, c	4	0	1	3	1	0
A. Whit'y, 3b	3	0	0	2	2	0
O'Leary, c f	3	0	0	1	0	2
Knight, p	3	0	0	1	2	1
Booth, 2b	3	0	1	2	5	3
Totals	35	1	7	27	14	5

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
Star	2	0	0	0	5	0	0	1	4	—12
Lowell	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	—1

Runs earned—Star, 8. Double-plays—Heifer and Hotaling. First base on errors—Star, 2; Lowell, 3. Two-base hits—Carpenter, Adams, Jones. Three-base hit—Hotaling. Home run—Derby. Umpire, John Dunn. Time, 1h. 40m.

BUFFALO vs. BOSTON.

An extraordinary game was played by these clubs at Boston, Mass., on Oct. 2, the result of which was the success of the visitors, owing to their superior batting and to the poor base-running of their opponents. At the close of the eleventh inning the score was a tie; but in the next the Buffalonians put together no fewer than six runs, and came out with flying colors. The Bostons opened the twelfth inning by Leonard and Sutton quickly retiring. Morrill then got in a two-baser, and scored on Snyder's single, and the latter followed suit on a single by Bond. It looked like a victory for the Bostons; but, when the Buffaloes went to the bat, the music began. Allen reitred at first, an! then Eggler, Crowley, Libby, Hornung, Force and McGinnis got in singles, and Fulmer a double. The result of this terrific batting, together with two or three glaring errors on the part of the home club, enabled the Buffalos to cross the home-plate six times before the last man was out.

BUFFALO.	T.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
McGinnis, c f	6	0	3	0	0	0
Allen, 3d b	4	0	1	2	0	1
Eggler, c	5	1	2	2	0	2
Crowley, c	6	1	1	5	2	5
Fulmer, 2d b	5	1	1	3	3	0
Libby, 1st b	5	1	1	10	3	0
Hornung, l f	6	1	1	1	0	1
Force, s s	5	1	2	3	2	0
Galvin, p	5	1	2	1	8	2
Totals	51	9	18	36	18	10

BOSTON.	T.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Wright, s s	6	0	0	0	8	0
Burdock, 2b	5	0	1	4	1	0
Manning, r f	5	0	3	1	0	0
O'Rourke, c f	5	1	3	5	1	0
Leonard, l f	5	0	1	1	0	0
Sutton, 3d b	5	0	0	2	4	2
Morrill, 1st b	5	2	1	15	1	0
Snyder, c	5	1	2	12	2	4
Bond, p	5	1	2	2	8	4
Totals	47	5	13	36	24	8

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	
Buffalo	0	0	0	1	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	6	—8
Boston	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	—2

Earned runs—Buffalo, 3; Boston, 2. Two-base hits—Allen, Fulmer, Galvin, Manning, Morrill. First base on errors—Buffalo, 2; Boston, 3. Double-plays—Wright, Morrill and Sutton. Umpire, Sullivan of the Lowell Club. Time, 2h. 25m.

PROVIDENCE vs. SPRINGFIELD.

On Oct. 2 the Springfield (Mass.) Club visited Providence, R. I., and played a fine game with the local team, which, however, resulted unsatisfactorily. No runs were scored until the sixth inning, when Brady got a single-nagger, went to second on a passed ball, third on Meyerle's hit, and home on an attempted to put him out. Providence was blanked until the ninth inning, when Higham was given his base on called balls, a passed ball gave him his second, and York's wound was healed by a third. There Bowen was sent to first the same as Higham. Allison reached first on Spence's wild throw, Higham scoring and Brown going to third. Carey hit the ball to Spence, who fell to the ground, Brown running home, Allison being forced out at second by Carey, getting off his back, appeared to pick up the ball and touch Allison. The Springfields claimed that Spence caught the fly fairly, and that Brown's run did not count; but the umpire refused that it was such, and on the Springfield's refusing to abide by the umpire's decision, the game was given against them, 9 to 0.

PROVIDENCE.	T.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Higham, r f	1	1	0	1	0	0
York, l f	4	0	1	1	0	0
Brown, 1st b	3	1	0	17	0	0
Allison, c	3	0	0	4	0	0
Carey, s s	3	0	0	1	5	0
Murnan, c f	2	0	0	0	0	0
Hague, 3d b	3	0	1	0	2	0
Ward, p	3	0	0	0	3	0
Sweasey, 2b	3	0	0	2	5	1
Totals	25	2	2	26	15	1

SPRINGFIELD.	T.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Brady, c f	4	1	1	1	0	0
Meyerle, 1b	4	0	1	10	1	0
Crane, 2d b	4	0	1	7	4	0
McGeary, s s	4	0	0	1	3	0
Conrad, l f	4	1	1	0	0	0
Snigg, c	3	0	1	2	0	0
Dailey, s s	3	0	0	3	1	0
Kelly, c	3	0	0	9	0	1
Spence, 3d b	4	0	1	1	2	0
Wood'n'd, 3b	4	0	0	1	1	0
Bowen, r f	3	0	1	0	0	0
Totals	34	2	6	27	19	4

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
Springfield	0	0	0	0	0	2	0	0	0	—2
Manchester	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	—0

Earned runs—Springfield, 2. Three-base hit—Snigg. First base on errors—Manchester, 3. Umpire, Henry C. Norton. Time, 1h. 40m.

BUFFALO vs. NEW BEDFORD.

A game contested by the above clubs at New Bedford, Mass., Oct. 1, was very interesting to about eight hundred spectators, who, however, were disappointed when the home team lost through an overthrow by Piggott.

BUFFALO.	T.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
McGinnis, c f	4	0	0	3	1	0
Allen, 3d b	4	0	1	2	0	1
Eggler, c	4	0	0	0	0	0
Doan, c	4	0	0	3	0	0
Fulmer, 2d b	4	1	1	3	2	0
Libby, 1st b	4	0	0	5	0	0
Hornung, l f	3	0	0	2	0	0
Force, p, s s	3	0	0	2	3	0
Galvin, p	3	0	0	2	4	0
Totals	33	1	2	27	9	1

NEW BEDFORD.	T.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Gore, c	4	0	1	6	1	1
Piggott, p	4	0	0	0	2	0
Stovey, 1b	4	0	0	11	0	0
Evans, r f	4	0	1	1	0	0
Bradley, p	3	0	0	1	2	0
Latham, 3b	3	0	1	1	1	1
Davis, 2b	3	0	0	3	2	0
Mattie, s s	3	0	0	3	2	0
Stone, l f	3	0	0	1	0	0
Totals	34	0	3	27	10	2

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
Buffalo	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	—1
New Bedford	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	—0

Earned—Buffalo, 1; New Bedford, 1. Umpire, E. J. Callahan. Time, 2h. 10m.

CINCINNATI vs. INDIANAPOLIS.

The Cincinnatis returned the visit of the Indianapolis (Ind.) Club, Oct. 1, when they achieved another victory, blanking the Hoosiers throughout.

INDIANA'LIS.	T.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Quest, 2d b	4	0	0	3	4	1
Shaffer, r f	3	0	1	1	0	0
Clapp, s s	4	0	0	2	2	0
Flint, c	4	0	0	5	0	0
Warner, 3d b	3	0	0	1	6	1
McKelvey, c f	3	0	2	2	0	0
Croft, 1st b	4	0	0	9	0	2
Mc'orick, p	3	0	0	0	5	0
Healy, l f	3	0	0	3	0	2
Totals	31	0	3	27	17	6

CINCINNATI.	T.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Jones, l f	5	1	1	0	0	0
Gerhardt, s s	5	1	2	1	4	2
McVey, r f	4	0	3	2	0	0
Kelley, c	5	1	0	6	2	1
Dickerson, c f	4	0	2	2	0	0
Sullivan, 1b	4	0	0	13	1	1
Mitchell, p	4	0	0	0	6	2
Ellick, 3b	4	0	1	0	1	2
Geer, s s	3	0	1	2	5	0
Totals	39	4	9	27	20	6

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
Indianapolis	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	—0
Cincinnati	2	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	—4

First base on errors—Indianapolis, 1; Cincinnati, 4. Two-base hit—McVey, 1. Double-play—Quest and Croft, 1. Umpire, Joe Julian. Time, 2h. 30m.

On the 2d the Hoosiers managed to turn the tables, it being an "off" day for the Cincinnati pitcher, who was hammered for sixteen hits.

INDIANAP.	T.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Quest, 2d b	6	1	1	6	3	0
Shafer, r f	5	0	2	1	1	0
Clapp, s s	4	3	3	1	0	0
Flint, c	4	1	1	1	3	2
Warner, 3b	5	0	1	2	6	0
McKelvey, c f	5	1	1	1	0	0
Croft, 1st b	4	0	0	12	0	0
M'Cor'ick, l f	4	1	2	3	0	0
Healy, p	4	3	0	2	2	0
Totals	40	7	16	27	16	4

CINCINNATI.	T.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Jones, l f	3	0	0	0	0	0
Gerhardt, ss	4	0	3	1	4	0
McVey, r f	4	0	1	4	0	0
Kelley, c	4	0	1	11	3	2
Dickerson, c f	3	0	0	1	2	2
Sullivan, 1b	4	0	1	12	0	0
Mitchell, p	3	0	0	0	5	3
Ellick, 3d b	3	0	0	5	3	1
Geer, 2b b	3	0	1	5	6	0
Totals	29	1	5	27	22	8

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
Indianapolis	1	0	0	0	0	2	0	3	1	—7
Cincinnati	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	—1

First base on errors—Indianapolis, 2. Two-base hit—Quest. Three-base hit—McCormick. Runs earned—Indianapolis, 3. Umpire, Joe Julian. Time, 2h.

FOREST CITY vs. STAR.

The following game was played at Cleveland, O., Sept. 30, on the return of the Stars from their Western trip, when the Forest Citys had every chance in the world to win, but threw the game away. Gross catching a foul-tip in the second inning, and, throwing to Glasscock at third to catch runner returning to base, overthrew, letting two runs in; and Salisbury in the sixth, getting ball for double-play, overthrew to Strief, letting two in. It seemed as if everyone (except Glasscock) was trying to out-error the other. Burke had a ball batted to him, and, the sun getting in his eyes, he muffed it, then threw wild to Salisbury. It was decidedly an "off" day. Manager Hollinger left Oct. 2 for Boston to secure players for next season, when the F. C.s intend putting in the field the best nine they can procure. Glasscock, Phillips and Strief are engaged for the base, and Eden and Riley in the field. There has been organized a stock company of the most prominent citizens of the city to run the club next season.

FOR. CITY.	T.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Gross, c	4	0	0	3	4	1
Eden, r f	4	0	1	0	0	0
Phillips, 1b	4	0	0	13	0	2
Riley, l f	4	0	0	0	0	0
Burke, s s	4	0	2	2	0	2
Glassc'k, 3b	4	0	2	1	6	0
Strief, 2d b	4	0	0	2	3	1
Salisbury, p	4	0	0	0	7	6
Ely, c f	4	0	1	0	1	1
Totals	36	0	6	21	21	13

STAR.	T.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Hotaling, c	5	1	0	4	1	2
Farrell, 2d b	5	0	2	3	3	0
Dorgan, s s	4	1	0	2	3	1
Phillips, r f	4	0	0	1	0	0
Fisher, 1b	4	0	1	10	0	1
Carpenter, 3b	4	0	0	1	2	1
Mansell, l f	4	0	0	2	0	0
McCorm'k, p	4	0	0	0	4	0
Heifer, 1st b	4	0	0	8	0	0
Adams, c f	4	0	0	1	0	0
Totals	38	2	3	32	13	5

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
Forest City	0	0	0	3	0	2	0	0	0	—5
Star	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	—2

Double-plays—Gross, Strief and Phillips; Dorgan, Farrell and Hieter. Earned runs—Forest City, 2. Two base hits—Burke, 2; Glasscock, 1. Umpire, Mr. Cummings. Time, 2h. 20m.

REDS vs. GREENS.

One of the most closely contested games that has been witnessed at South Bend, Ind., this season, was played Sept. 28 between the Green Stockings of South Bend and the Red Stockings of Niles, Mich., and resulted in favor of the home nine by a score of 8 to 6 at the end of eleven innings. The Greens went into the game short of Rockstroh and Champan, and substituted Swygart and Barr, who acquitted themselves very creditably. The game was marked by but few brilliant plays, a difficult fly-catch leading to a double-play by Buck Staples, and Peaks catching, and a fly-catch by John Deacon at centre field, being the leading features on the side of the Greens; a long running catch in left field by Chadwick was the notable instance on the part of the Reds. At the close of the ninth inning the game stood 4 to 4, and the tenth was a whitewash for both sides. In the eleventh the Reds scored two runs, and the prospects looked very dark for the Greens; but at this important point the nerve of the Greens triumphed over the difficulties of the occasion, and they scored four runs, making the game 8 to 6.

GREENS.	T.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Peak, c	5	2	1	6	11	4
R. Staples, 1b	5	0	1	18	0	2
H. Deacon, 3b	5	2	0	2	9	2
Barr, c f	5	0	1	0	0	0
Swygart, s s	5	1	1	0	0	0
Johnson, s s	5	1	1	0	1	0
R Staples, 2b	5	1	1	3	3	1
Kurtz, p	5	0	1	0	10	4
J. Deacon, l f	4	1	0	1	0	0
Totals	44	8	7	33	25	13

REDS.	T.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Barnard, 2b	6	0	0	0	2	0
Bacon, 3d b	5	2	0	2	3	2
Parks, c	6	0	0	9	2	6
Hangerd'p, p	5	2	0	2	7	0
Seaver, 1st b	5	1	1	12	1	0
Harter, s s	5	0	2	2	2	1
Chadwick, l f	4	0	0	1	1	0
Alver, c f

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Movements, Business, and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Musical and Minstrel Professions.

THE CLIPPER POST-OFFICE.

☞ A STAMPED ENVELOPE, plainly addressed, must be inclosed for each and every letter, and the line of business followed by the party addressed should be given, in order to prevent mistakes.

NOTE.—Professionals and others should bear in mind that, by a late change in the postal laws, all letters, etc., in transit between the United States and Canada, *must* be *prepaid*, otherwise they are not forwarded.

Letters received for week ending SEPT. 29, MONDAY, Oct. 7.

LADIES' LIST.

Aubrey, Mrs. Robt.
Aborn, Dot (of Olympic, Brooklyn)
Adams, Sallie
Audley, Olie
Byron, Lizzie (2)
Brown, Mrs. Ella
Brooks, Mrs. Kate
Beaumont, Nellie
Budworth, Emma
Bonfanti, Mlle.
Bernard, Laura
Branscombe,
Bretto, Emma
Carleton, Lizzie&c.
Coombs' Co., Manager Jane
Christie, Carrie (of Higgin's Co.)
Caselli, Madam
Ducion, Miss (of De Bar, Mad. (late of St. Louis)
Delano, Mrs. Fannie
Dillon, Mrs. Louise (of Wallace's Co.)
Don, Laura &c.
Duncan, Hattie
De Alvin Sisters
Emmett, Mrs. Robt.
Elliott, Lottie 2ic.
Everleigh, Kate (2
Ethel, Ida
Ellis, Hattie
Forrest, Lillian (2.
Forrest, Kittie
Gibbons, Alice
Gilday, Mrs. Chas.
Hindle, Annie
Howard, Kitty
Hamilton, Anna
Howard, Lizzie
Haslam, Hulda
Holland, Effie
Johnson, Jeal, Linda (2)
Jourdan, Alecia
Kurtzwell, Johanna &c.
Le Grue, Mrs Marie
Lucille, Fannie
Lee, Rosa (2.
Lehman, Mrs. Pauline
Lavelle, Eugenie
Lynton, Ethel
Lee, Mrs. H. C.
Lynn, May
Leon, Luelle
Lynn, Lottie
Laurette, Mlle.
Lee, Minnie
Love, Kittie
Merton, Emma
Marcello, Millie (vocalist)
McLean, Mrs. H
Morton, Mrs. J. W
Mathews, Mrs.
Lauretta (2)
Montague, Louise (of Reutz's Co.)
Markley, Edna
Morwood, Bertie
Markham, Pauline
Murio, Louise
Manzy, Ida
Montgomery, Kate
Mirta, Mollula
Marshall, Florence (2.
May, Georgie
McIntyre, Sadie
Mcgraw, Mrs. H. A
Nelson, Sara (care Leavitt) (2)
Neokaleet, Miss
Norris, Mrs. Clara Place, Eva
Putnam, Katie
Pascoe, Miss (care Leavitt)
Parker, George & Lizzie
Prestigram, Mrs. (of Hess' Op. Co.)
Paddock, Maggie
Mitchell- 42c.
Perley, Sophie
Phillips, Annie
Pixley, Annie
Richmond, Adah
Rallia, Grace
Rooney, Ada A.
Richmond, Ada (vocalist)
Reilly, Annie (of Englands)
Ransom, Alice
Rose, Jennie
Roberts, Mrs. N.D.
Richmond, Josie & Lulu
Raymond, Lillie (vocalist, etc.)
Rainford, Alice
St. Clair, Jennie
Stevens, J. A. (of Unknown Co.)
Spear, A. (of Hamilton's Circus)
Stevens, Wm. O'Dale (2)
Snyder, Matt. B &c.
Sawtelle, J. F.
Bowles, J. F.
Saunders, Harry
Sparks Bros.
Stevens, J. A. (of Unknown Co.)
Spear, A. (of Hamilton's Circus)
Stevens, Wm. O'Dale (2)
Snyder, Matt. B &c.
Sawtelle, J. F.
Bowles, J. F.
Saunders, Harry
Sparks Bros.
Sarsfield, Stephen
Sheridan Bros. (Irish 'biz')
Sprague, J. W (living-skeleton)
Sanford, Julia L.
Sivalls, Chas.
Smith, E. C.
Smith, W. H.
Tinn, Tracy
Taylor, Joe F.
Tyler, Barry
Tissot, Josephonse
Treloar, Arthur
Thatcher, N (of Thatch & Hume)
Thompson, G. W.
Tinkham, E. A.
Varney, Thad. P.
Vernon, Mrs. D.
Wiley, L. H. (3)
Wood, G.
Williams, H. A. B
Warrington, T (of Dup. & Ben. Minst.)
Williams, J. (Langtry & Moore)
Woods, S (of Arnold & Woods)
Whiteneck, W. H.
Williamson, Sullivan
Wheeler, Billy
Watkins, C. A. (of Hamilton's Circus)
White, S. (of John Robinson's Circus)
Williams, Johnnie (of Miner's)
Wilson, J. B. (manjoist)
Wilson, Geo. E. (manager)
Woodville, Jas.
Waters & Kelly
Wood & Woodville
Wallace, Gus. T.
Walters, F. (of Robinson's Mint.
Wright, F. (of Markham's Co.)
Wells, H. C.
Ward, Frank (late of Moral Circus)
Wells, Jas (of Johnson & Benjamin's Co.)
Whettoney, Leon
Waidron, D. G.
Ward, J. W.
Young, D. R.

GENTLEMEN'S LIST.

Hayle, Wm.
Heywood Bros.
Heywood, W. (of Heywood Bros.)
Hamilton, Wiley
Hamilton, W. H.
Hamilton, W. (of A. Richmond's Co.)
Howson, Jno.
Halleck, Thos (dram. agent)
Healy, Dr. J. E. (3)
Hill, Harry
Heywood, John Ed. (4) 6c.
Howorth, John
Hoey, Wm. (of Pastor's Co.)
Harrison, H.
Harrington, J. (of Cumm. & Harring)
Henderson, John W. (late of Miner's)
Hickey, J. M. (manager)
Homan, P. (of Sullivan's Co.)
Haney, Master
Hutchinson's Mus.
Hurley & Marr
Hall, Geo. W.
Haverly, J. H.
Hammond, John
Harris, Lin (of Dakota Co. 36c.
Howard, Bronson
Howell, D. F.
Heywood, John E.
Jefferson, Thos. (minus. chest)
Johnston, Rohl
Keating & Sands
Kine Bros.
Kirk, A. C.
Kelly, Jas. (of Kelly & Haley)
Kelly, J. C.
Kemble, J. R.
Kidder, C. W.
Kent, Julian
Kent, Bob
Leach, E. B
Lowande, Natalio A.
Lee, H. C.
Long, Thos. B.
Leotards, The (of Clarion's Circus)
Lewis, C. M.
Leavitt, M. B.
Little, Wm. (of Barnum's Circus)
Linton, Guy
Lawrence, Albert & Jennie
Lee, Lavater
Lockhart, — (one arm man)
Lorella, J. (grotesque dancer)
Lotto, Fred. (p. o. London, Eng.)
Lorella, W. H.
Lorella, J. C.
Lyons, Milton P.
Le Clair, Jas. (trapeziest)
Levantine, Mr.
Lailey, C. E.
Lorella, T. A. (2)
Leonard, J. W.
McCann, J. R. (of Holden & Forepaugh (2)
Murphy & Morton
Moreland, A.C. (2)
Meade, Jas. H.
Mullen & Magee
Martin, Sam
McChlosky, John
Murphy, J. (of Murphy & Mack)
Morali, A. (minst, "biz")6c.
Monroe, Frank
McAvoy, Jas. (late of Miner's)
Murray, Dominick
McKinne, Pete
McIntyre & Heath
McCloskey, J. J (author)
Murray, John
McVeigh, John
Maxwell, J. (of Bartine's Co.)
Monk, J. A.
Marsh, W. L. (musician)
Mahn, John (advance-agent)
Manning, R. E. P.
McDermott & Shee-han
Morris, Mr. (of N. Y. Quartet)
Naunton, Alex
McKay, Andy "Notland"
Onohondro, J.
Owen, W. (of Vincent's Theatre)
O'Leary, Daniel
Pell & Lewis
Parker, Louis & Pauline
Price, J. C.
Patterson & Curner
Perry, E. A.
Perry & Mayhew
Pierce, Edmund
Phillips, Jos.
Parlow, — Chas. (comedian)
Peak, E. S.
Prenter, — W. (of Queen's Circus)
Parker, Prof. (p.o. m. Liverpool, Eng.)
Phelps, Prof. (of Leghanian Belt)
Palmer, R. (trapeziest
Queen & Bell
Quinn, E. (of Harvey's Minst. (2)
Quilan, J.
Rice, J. H. (of Wallace-Villa Co.)
Richmond, Billy
Robinson, — (of Robinson's Minst.)
Reynolds, G. G.
Richardson, John (of Robinson's Min.)
Rowe, Dick
Ryan, Ned (of Hollandsman Bros.)
Robinson, Harry
Ryan, John (cornetist)
Rowell, D. K.
Rivers, Frank (of English Op Co.)
Sherman, W. H. (agent)
Spriggs, Harry
Smith, A. (p. o. m. Chester, Eng.)
Sutherland, —
Sweeney, F.
Smith, W. H.
Slavin, J. H.
Sanderson, Harry
Sparks Bros.

SHOEMAKER'S LIST.

Bowers, Jas.
Bowers, Jas. (2)
Bowers, Jas. (3)
Bowers, Jas. (4)
Bowers, Jas. (5)
Bowers, Jas. (6)
Bowers, Jas. (7)
Bowers, Jas. (8)
Bowers, Jas. (9)
Bowers, Jas. (10)
Bowers, Jas. (11)
Bowers, Jas. (12)
Bowers, Jas. (13)
Bowers, Jas. (14)
Bowers, Jas. (15)
Bowers, Jas. (16)
Bowers, Jas. (17)
Bowers, Jas. (18)
Bowers, Jas. (19)
Bowers, Jas. (20)
Bowers, Jas. (21)
Bowers, Jas. (22)
Bowers, Jas. (23)
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THERE WERE LETTERS in the Detroit (Mich.) Post-office on Oct. 3 for Cole's Circus (15); Thomas Reid; Batherly & Milligan; Thomas Gilroy, of London Theatre; Hunt, of Holbrook's Bell Ringers; W. Hines, Showman; Frank C. Bangs; W. H. Pearson, Song and dance artist; Sam Brooks; C. Callender's Co.; Wm. Clark & Fox; and White, Kennedy & Hill, of Cole's Circus.

INTRODUCTORY.

MONDAY, Oct. 7, '78.

There was a fair and square competition between the stage and the sporting arena during the past week, and the various contests were spirited and exciting to a high degree. It was an up-and-up trial of skill and endurance between the members of the dramatic profession and those who aspire to prominence in Olympian games—the walking gentlemen of the theatrical platform being placed in friendly conflict with the swift or slow walking gentlemen of the athletic course. It is needless to say that the attendance at our leading theatres has been sadly interfered with by the many important sporting events which came to pass since we last held sweet converse with our readers. The great sculling match between Hanlan and Courtney, although taking place on Canadian water, diverted a good deal of attention and many dollars from the theatres, and the ladies felt and expressed a lively interest in this manly struggle, the stalwart son of York being a choice favorite among the fair sex, despite the charges of fraud and corruption that found their way into the public prints. When the result of the race was wired to this city, the ladies who planned their bath and surrounded the "Hanlan" bill with a little more than usual light to a little men while those who captured the spoils of war gently sighed because there were no more Court-ney lovers to take into camp. The games of the Australian cricketers likewise lured many habitues from their devotion to the drama, and enlisted them in the service of the bat and the ball. In this diversion the ladies again manifested their increasing love of sport; their admiration for the cricketers may be partly attributed to the fact that one of the dearest efforts of the cricketer is to get a "maiden-over;" the game, however, is not always in the hands of the masculines, for frequently the ladies, by a little strategic manœuvre, manage to get many a man over head and heels in love with them, to the man-i-fold injury of the party of the second part. Ah! how many a formidable bat, who gave promise of making a great sensational drama, almost at the opening of the play became a screaming farce, with the marvelous "Lepper" as the low comedian. Ridiculous as the statement may seem, nevertheless it is a true fact that the six days' run of this farcical series of spasmodic pedestrian spurts attracted and was witnessed by fifteen thousand dollars' worth of admissions, the last scene of all closing in at twelve o'clock on Saturday, with O'Leary doing yeoman's service, while his alleged competitor was slumbering the happy hours away where his friends had put him in his little bed—fifteen thousand dollars! No wonder "the parties thereto" are endeavoring to keep the racket a-going by a series of other pedestrian exhibitions. Of course all this hurts the theatres, causes the indefatigable treasurer to grow a weary of waiting for the habitues who cometh not up to the portals of his port-hole, but feeds them away to ye Gilmore's house in the Garden. Daniel who is dead. Legitimate managers continue to complain of the different business, and an apathy on the part of the public which bodes no good to "Mother and Son," which closes "The School for Scandal," and starts the scholars on "The Road to Ruin," with "Camille," "Wife," "Joshua Whitcomb," "Barnwell Slote," and others of the dramatis personæ either out of the race or striving energetically for the road to run. Big -price managers are really anxious as to the situation; they are disappointed with the results of the season thus far; the in-come in some instances does not seem to keep on a level with the out-go; they do not see their way clear to a permanent investment in United States four-per-cents., and while a few are already showing signals of distress, others are backing and filling and laying out a new course, and taking soundings in their main guys, as it were, and otherwise preparing for the equinoctial. Jarrett & Palmer, managers of Booth's Theatre, will probably take some of the wind out of the sails of the Grand Opera-House by adopting a new tariff of admission—twenty-five and fifty cents for a plain go in, and one dollar for a choice reserved seat, and all comers, be they of high or of low degree, to be planted on soft cushions, but not entitled to bouquets or free lunch. Likewise nothing but moral entertainments are to be given at Booth's, including the works of Shakespeare and other well-known authors.....It is astonishing what a brisk business the San Francisco Minstrels are doing, while the legitimists are in trouble. Every night the hall of our mock-turtle brethren is crowded like a free excursion to a public sale of desirable outlying property, with victuals for the excursionists thrown in. Brother Thatcher mildly states the status of the corps when he says "I've $100,000 in my mind." And yet he is not a manager, and shareth not in ye fruitful profits when divvy day draweth on apace. Verily, to see such crowds, the two B's and one double you must have more than $100,000 in your mind's eye. This is strictly confidential between ourselves, gentle reader: We purpose giving a series of instructive lectures on the dark side of humanity, illustrated with anecdotes, and chromos taken from life. To this end we intend to invade Brooklyn, to visit in disguise the entertainments of churches of that blessed city, and to give the public the results of our tour of observation and exploration. To insure perfect success, and to protect us from the evil designs of those who prey upon their fellow-creatures, connive at the undoing of the young of the female persuasion, and backbite one another like the tree of the scratch, we have shrewdly engaged the services of two private detectives and three members of the regular force. Oh! won't we lash the unholy rascals, and tear the mask of hypocrisy from their benign and serene countenances! (We would here diverge a little, and call your attention to the fact, which you may already have noticed, that we speak equally legible on all subjects, be they of a sportive character, of a dramatic turn of mind, or of a theological nature—all is fish that comes to our net, in a manner speaking. Bible history informs us that one Jonah was also favorable to fish, although he carried the thing, or the thing carried him, to excess, for which—you are aware, if you ever read the Bible—he got whaled. But our divergence exceeds the bounds originally intended, and we cry you mercy.—ED.) After a tour, which took in the people lying between the Atlantic and the Pacific seaboards, Brother Beecher closed out his little snap on Saturday last, and returned to Brooklyn to reorganize. He covered more miles than O'Leary, and, going on a certainty, succeeded in making a comfortable "pile" *his* tramp.....*She* was young and fair, and as devoted as a wife could be. *He* played the trombone in the orchestra of a Deadwood theatre, and gloried in the name of Beecher. [Not at all related, Jimmy.] There came a dashing seriocomic, and the musician forgot his marital vows, and sighed and languished in the chamber of Deadwood for eloped.—Ed.] Leaving his heart-broken wife and three children—but stay. We will let our indignation find vent in verse.

WORST OF ALL.

We will not, we call him beerimed,
Nor say that he's pestiferous,
Nor yet moon-eyed, nor oily stimed,
For later news may differ us.
We will not speak of his "specific,"
Nor even call him 'escherous,
But in our magnanimity
We'll simply say he's 'bescherous!

.....Mapleson is here, and Mapleson's son is here, and their various singing corps are here, and they are going for Strakosch and Clara Louise and Annie Louise like they were cumberers of the ground. And yet how infinitesimally small it will all appear alongside of *Barnum's* living curiosities, including the Sons of Palestine, Col. Goshen! Gosh! And, while we think of it, Barnum's and Mapleson's shows will be on exhibition in this city about the same time. "We are waiting, only waiting," for the night of Palestine's Giant's grand entree.....Do you know that during Booth's short season in Montreal last week managers were obliged to put out the legend "Standing-room Only?" How they imagined guests could sleep in that position is one of those conundrums of which it is said: "Few die, and none resign."..... There's nothing like sticking to regular nominations, whether it's one of our esteemed contemporaries for Mayor or whiskey straight. Now, there's "Bob" Ingersoll—you don't see him fly the track or stultify himself. Frinstance—last year he opened his lecture course with "Hell." This year he begins with "Burns!" We like to see a man consistent, even in little things like these. .....We were never so tickled in our life as we were one day last week, when a farmer went down in to see us, having read our invaluable paper in his humble home in the great and growing West. And what do you think this good old soul wanted? He had the greatest confidence in us, and desired to know whether the owners of the Haymarket Theatre were reliable or not, and whether he would be safe in sending his hay to that market? Now isn't he a bright 'un?..... We have been trying our very best all the week to find out what brought the lately-married Jeffreys-Lewis to New York in such a hurry, and what induced her to set sail immediately for England. You may depend upon it there's something wrong. We set spies on her track; we got detectives to hound her as if she were a Hackensack fox; we have put personals in the daily papers on purpose to mislead her and to catch her napping; but we might just as well, and with as much chance of success, have sought for a needle in the old farmer's haystack when it is dumped in front of the Haymarket Theatre. We don't believe in gossip and talking behind people's backs, as some folks do, but we should just like to know what started her. They say —[Jimmy, tell 'em that Stewart and Vanderbilt are dead, and that Astor's not in a hurry to come of joining a supe society.].....An aeronaut out West who recently went up in a balloon and came down without it, writes to say that he was *not* killed, as some of the papers stated he was, but was merely shook up a little. It was no wonder he was shook down, however, it ought to be good news to him that he was not killed.....Her dresses are magnificent, and take the rag off the bush every time. The foreign mewomen who made them ought to be informed of this. Let justice be done though the 'evings fall. .....Brother Thatcher visited the Society Palace, because everything there is the cream-an'-ice. [Meaning the Cremorne.—ED.].....Most of us must have grown tolerably familiar by this time with "My Grandfather's Clock." It has been sung and played, and hummed and whistled—somewhat! Why, we heard one heartless wretch sing it to some grandfather he owned a clock. But he tried to explain away the disparagement, asserting that his grandfather had been a striker, worked with his hands, and had always got time—where he traded. It is to show up this wretch that we present you

GRANDFATHER'S CLOCK.

"My Grandfather's Clock" is all very well,
But some of the singers we hear
Who warble that air, if the truth they should tell,
Would confess there's a tim-piece dear
For doubtless, when times were pinching and hard,
A relative old they were tempted to try,
And therefore it's not for their grandfather's clock,
But their uncle's watch for they sich:
.....One of the Sabbath papers, and, therefore, all the more reliable, says that the manager intends to place a statue of the late Montague in the vestibule of Wallack's Theatre. But what will Boucicault say? Why not make it one of a kind, and thus avoid all cause of offense?.....See here! Do you know anything of that "young lady of this city" who was shortly to make her debut some time ago? We begin to think there's some mistake about it.....Actually, some of the American performers in England are congratulating themselves that "they are not in New York while the yellow-fever is so bad." No matter how smart a man may be, just as soon as he strikes England he catches the prevalent fever there, and forgets all he ever learned about the geography of America. Why, we haven't any yellow-fever in New York, if we except the gold fever.....Gilmore's Band will give a concert on the 12th, and Barnum's elephants and things give their opening seance on the 14th. Be sure we are not going to be mean about amusements *this season*.....Talking about those unpleasant rumors concerning the late head-race, we might say that gentlemen accustomed to the ups-and-downs of life, by visiting the Park Theatre, decide between "Bouquets and Bombshells" which are the more striking.....And why not? In the upper part of the Fifth avenue they have a Windsor Hotel, and we can see no justifiable reason why Bobby Newcomb hasn't just as much right to call a Windsor Theatre in the lower part of the Bowery. Do you?.....Ever since we read about that fortunate fellow who has got no ears, and who makes a comfortable livelihood by exhibiting himself to the public, it has seemed to us that some enterprising man could make a fortune with one ear before. We are not envious of the man, and yet we cannot refrain from making him the subject of one of our touching stanzas:

TO THE EARLESS MAN.

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And yet mature in years is he:
Ere this he may have shed some tears,
But string he could never be.
And when he dies, above his grave
His friends will drop an honest tear,
And write this for his epitaph
"He never got upon his ear!"

FACT AND FANCY FOCUSED.

Major Augustus Fullman, father of Fred Fullman, operatic manager, died in Newark, N. J., Sept. 30. He was born at Erfurt in 1781, was educated in France for the army, and fought under Bonaparte against Prussia, in Spain and in Russia, and at Waterloo. In 1834 he came to America.

T. Robertson, son of the late T. W. Robertson, English dramatist, is organizing a company to play his father's pieces in the British Provinces.....Miss Jeffreys Lewis sailed on Liverpool in the steamer Greece, which left this port on Oct. 2.....The name of the gentleman to whom she was recently married in San Francisco does not appear in the passenger list.....John Brougham, J. H. Stoddart, William J Florence, John Gilbert and other members of the American Dramatic Fund Association will meet in this city on the 1st inst., and endorsed an appeal to the dramatic profession in aid of the fund. Mr. Brougham suggested a series of matinee performances, but no decision was reached.....Carl Rosa's troupe is shortly to give "Rienzi" in London, with Mme. Jenny Van Zandt as Adriano. The London journals say that this opera has never yet been performed in English. We are not so sure. It is hard to say what has or has not been performed at our Grand Duke Opera house, for example.....Those journals that recently published the contents of private letters written by Miss Alice May hew, and produced during the "Miles" legal proceedings to restrain Annie Pixley from playing the piece—which letters, so far as published, had no bearing upon the case—is now quite forgotten upon a natural consequence of that publication. A dispatch from San Francisco under date of Oct. 1 says: "Harry Widmer, husband of the actress Kate Mayhew, to-day changed the way of all flesh, although he had but little more of it in his lifetime than was needed to make an efficient postmaster in a Vermont village.....Miss Mary Anderson says she will be "over young to marry yet" until 1894, when, according to her own feeling, she will be thirty-five years old.....Crossley and Elder, returned from Europe, are to open at N. W. Hanley's Olympic Theatre Oct. 21.....Miss Bessie Byrne the actress arrived here on Oct. 1 in the steamship Helvetia.....It is rumored that John Nin-in-ger, father of Pauline Nininger, the American prima-donna, now in Italy, died recently in the South.....Modjeska is shortly to play Juliet in this city. It would do the yellow fever suffer-rs "a world of good" for her to play it to Mary Anderson's Romeo..... Emulative of the example of the management of the Aquarium and of the Standard Theatre in withdrawing their advertisements from *The Tribune*, that of Booth's Theatre has now withdrawn its card from the columns of *The Evening Post*. In the four or two cases the complaint was as to a lack of criticism, both as to the fishes and as to the play of "A Fala-Tale;" in the third, it was as to adverse criticism of "Henry VIII."..... The condition of Benjamin Dean, orchestral leader, is in no wise improved, his many friends will be pained to hear. Despite all reports to the contrary, that of Frank Langley the actor is not materially worse, and the total deafness ascribed to him is merely an exaggeration of a slight deafness. Both gentlemen, however, are incurably ill as concert band to be known as the Red Hussars are on their way here. They number forty two musicians, and their leader is Herr Schreiner, composer and violinist.....Holeroft's "Road to Ruin" suplants "The School for Scandal" to-night at Wallack's Theatre, where Miss Genevieve Rogers, a special engagement, makes her first appearance as Sophia. This is possible a return on the part of Col. Sinn for the services rendered at his Park Theatre, Brooklyn, by Miss Kate Bartlett of Wallack's staff.....The Rev. Henry Ward Beecher arrived at his home, in Brooklyn, N. Y., from his Occidental lecture tour, on Oct. 5. The opinion formed of him in San Francisco is that he is a thoroughly lolly-pop parson; and his own opinion of the word "Taffy!" produce the profound effect it did when in glowing rhetoric he was telling his auditors there that "California was God's last great work, and also his best." That "Taffy!" was not the soothing beard-spend for it made Henry pause and couch.....Miss Sallie Reber has been engaged to vocally accompany Wilhelmj on his tour. Thus we seem to have heard the last, for the present, at least, of Carl Rosa's prima donna, protegee of Maurice Strakosch.....Miss Maggie Mitchell, who since her severe bereavement, having lost a brother and a relative, has for the past month been in active ravages in Memphis, Tenn., has been residing at Long Branch, N. J., reappears in this city on Oct. 14, after her Brooklyn engagement of the current week.....Signorina Gemma Gordon's efforts in behalf of the yellow fever victims was completely frustrated by the declared inability of the instrumental virtuosi of Avenue A to live without a night's work—hence the concert at Steinway Hall on Oct. 12.....Herr A. Blum t-e baritone, who returned to Europe a few months ago, and was so indiscreet as to visit his native village, is now a private soldier in the Second Regiment of Prussian Guards.—*Weekly Music Trade Review.* It appears that, like thousands of other Prussians who are known in the United States as musicians in one shape or another, he owes a native country three years' military service.....F. W. Albaugh is to open at the Broadway Theatre on Oct. 14 in the title-role of "Louis XI." It was in this play, though not as Louis, that he made his first appearance in this city, and it was at this house, when it was Wood's Museum, that his merits first became known to New-Yorkers..... Fred-erick Clay has written "Meeting and Parting" for Clara Louise Kellogg, and she will sing it at Steinway Hall on the 10th inst.....Charles Barron is having a holiday at Wallack's this week.....Among the recent arrivals from abroad are Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Conrad, who have been for three years past completing their musical studies in Europe. *The World* of this city intimates that they will shortly appear in public here.....H. D. Sankey and family sailed for Liverpool in the City of Richmond on the 5th inst.....Theodore Thomas left for Cincinnati on the 3d.....To night, at the London Covent-garden Concerts, the Hungarian fiddler Remenyi will make his first appearance in England during the present season.....The first night's performance, Henry J. Byron altered the last act of his new play of "Conscience Money," as suggested by *The London Times*, and then he was pulled before the curtain and thanking it for its advice. Thus he has spiked "The Thunderer,".....The members of the Nereus Club, assisted by a number of New-York amateurs, will give a concert at Chickering Hall (G. L.) Opera-house for the benefit of the yellow fever sufferers.....An uncommon musical event is fixed for Oct. 17, in St. Boniface's R. C. Church, Paterson, N. J. A grand requiem mass is to be performed in memory of Frederic Chopin, pianist and composer. Mr. Oborskie, who was an intimate friend of Chopin, will conduct it. It is to be interpreted with quartet and full chorus.....Some months ago, we stated that a new play, "Dancing Mistress Her Chains," was in preparation at the Old Bowery. It is now billed for Oct. 21.....It has been virtually settled that Theodore Thomas will give eight out of the twelve concerts of the Brooklyn Philharmonic this season, in addition to his duties in Cincinnati. The only question unsettled is that of dates, and the Philharmonic may have to depart from those of Nov. 8 and Dec. 6, now selected for its first rehearsal and first concert respectively.....The official report of the Firemen's Concert at Gilmore's Garden, Sept. 25, in aid of the fever-stricken South, shows that the gross receipts were $6,822, and the net $5,461.60. The sum of $4,500 has already been sent South, and $961.60 remain for distribution. The committee of arrangements.....Miss Emma Thursby, who took part in the concert.....Elizabeth Von Stamwitz is to make her English debut in this city on Oct. 21, at the Broadway Theatre.....Alice Bateman, a juvenile in Clara, who has been doing good service with her voice in the Southwest and West, in aid of the fever fund, is gradually nearing this city, where she hopes to be heard in operatic selections excellent.....Fire broke out in Lancaster, Pa., the other day. Ernest Patrizio narrowly escaped losing both hands and perhaps escaped breaking his arms. The cannon ball which he caught he missed. It struck him in the face, knocking out a couple of teeth, and breaking his nose.....Mlle. Aimee is a candidate for the roles of the Grande Duchesse, a revival of whose glories is projected for Wallack's. Mlle. Aimee will be the last to quail in a rapid pace, discharged a series of small cannons lashed to its back; two others played at see-saw; another made an ascension; several evinced much intelligence in forming a picturesque tableau; and Nettie made some astonishing leaps over a high gate, clearing it to the satisfaction of other performers placed on the other side. All of these acts reflect much credit upon the patience and skill of their trainer, R. W. Fryer. Interspersed among these feats were juggling and balancing by the Jacotin City Japanese Troupe; acrobatic and double-spinning by the Wilson Brothers; the driving of a giraffe in harness; calisthenic exercises by James Messenger; a manege act by Miss Emma Stokes; the dog "Shep," which displayed rare skill in an equestrian act; the clown and his pony in the old-time circus sketch called "Monica, January" two equestrian goats, who performed a number of acrobatic tricks; a troupe of trained dogs that, among other sagacious performances, erected a scaffold, hung one of their number, and, placing the supposed corpse in a hearse, drove it away for burial; Mme. Rhinehart, who entered a den of trained lions, and showed that she can see no justifiable reason why Bobby Newcomb hasn't just as much right to call a Windsor Theatre in the lower part of the Bowery. Do you?.....Ever since we read about that fortunate fellow who has got no ears, and who makes a comfortable livelihood by exhibiting himself to the public, it has seemed to us that some enterprising man could make a fortune with one ear before. We are not envious of the man, and yet we cannot refrain from making him the subject of one of our touching stanzas:

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"He never got upon his ear!"

CITY SUMMARY.

W. C. COUP'S EQUESCURRICULUM began a season in Fourteenth street, nearly opposite the Academy of Music, Sept. 30, and it was a season of endurance during the week. The show differs materially from the old-time circus, and is strictly first-class. The main features are the wonderful feats by a number of broncho horses, who evince a high degree of sagacity, great docility and aptitude for being taught. They perform a large number of military evolutions with remarkable precision of time; two of them performed a number of tricks with a handkerchief; another, at the word of command, selected from a number of flags of various colors the particular color ordered, and brought it to the center; another, while coursing the arena at a rapid pace, discharged a series of small cannons lashed to its back; two others played at see-saw; another made an ascension; several evinced much intelligence in forming a picturesque tableau; and Nettie made some astonishing leaps over a high gate, clearing it to the satisfaction of other performers placed on the other side. All of these acts reflect much credit upon the patience and skill of their trainer, R. W. Fryer. Interspersed among these feats were juggling and balancing by the Jacotin City Japanese Troupe; acrobatic and double-spinning by the Wilson Brothers; the driving of a giraffe in harness; calisthenic exercises by James Messenger; a manege act by Miss Emma Stokes; the dog "Shep," which displayed rare skill in an equestrian act; the clown and his pony in the old-time circus sketch called "Monica, January" two equestrian goats, who performed a number of acrobatic tricks; a troupe of trained dogs that, among other sagacious performances, erected a scaffold, hung one of their number, and, placing the supposed corpse in a hearse, drove it away for burial; Mme. Rhinehart, who entered a den of trained lions, and showed that she can see no justifiable reason why Bobby Newcomb hasn't just as much right to call a Windsor Theatre in the lower part of the Bowery. Do you?.....Ever since we read about that fortunate fellow who has got no ears, and who makes a comfortable livelihood by exhibiting himself to the public, it has seemed to us that some enterprising man could make a fortune with one ear before. We are not envious of the man, and yet we cannot refrain from making him the subject of one of our touching stanzas:

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And write this for his epitaph
"He never got upon his ear!"

M. W. HANLEY opened the Olympic Theatre Sept. 30, presenting a first-class variety entertainment at low prices of admission, and the patronage accorded him during the past week was highly encouraging. Governed by valuable experience gained during the past few years while managing for others, and exercising like untiring energy and ability to that which he then displayed in his endeavors to cater successfully to the popular taste, he now seeks to reap personal emolument as the fruit of his labors. He has surrounded himself with capable and polite assistants in the front of the house, who, by the conscientious discharge of their duties, seem desirous of aiding him in his attempt to deserve success. The auditorium has been thoroughly cleansed, and the facilities for illuminating the stage have been largely increased. Manager Hanley has secured an excellent orchestra of ten skilled musicians, whose performances are by no means the least feature of the entertainments. On the night we were present there was no hitch in the performances, which moved with a celerity seldom witnessed in similar theatres, and the performers in no case attempted to prolong their several acts. After a medley overture by the orchestra, under the direction of Prof. Kollmer, Neil Burgess gave his mirth-provoking impersonation of Mrs. Barnaby Bibbs in the sketch of "The Coming Woman," receiving valuable aid from A. C. Moreland, Harry Clifford and Miss Lizzie Edwards; Tillie Antonio, a good vocalist, then sang three songs, making quickly an entire change of costume for each, and during her last number—"Grimes' Cellar-door"—her sprightly dancing evoked approbation; Algebrame Urabe executed with remarkable dash a series of difficult acrobatic feats which almost defy description; the sketch of "Wanted, a Nurse," introduced John Hart, a great local favorite, in an Ethiopian character, which gave him free scope to display his mirth-provoking abilities, and the ripples of laughter throughout the auditorium were almost incessant; A. C. Moreland, who in years gone by has done good service on the dramatic stage, made a hit as Dr. Brush by reason of his intelligent delivery of the exceedingly "highly-flown" dialogue assigned him; Nellie St. John, whose vocalisms are ever received on the local stage with favor, was cordially greeted; Delehanty and Hengler appeared in a musical entertainment, entitled "Laugh and Be Merry"—Mr. Hengler, attired in full evening dress, walked upon the stage and announced that he would give an imitation of a "lady-killer" in a drawing-room scene—after a moment's absence he reappeared, wearing a blonde wig and side-whiskers of the most fashionable cut, and succeeded admirably in depicting the foibles and eccentricities of the languid swell of society, terminating by singing a characteristic song, which was greatly applauded; as he disappeared from view, Mr. Delehanty became upon the stage, admirably made up to represent an Irishman of the Pat Rooney type, and succeeded in keeping the audience well amused by his witty dialogue, singing, and grotesque dancing; he was an excellent delineation of character, and was a worthy rival to the popular performer above referred to; after Mr. Delehanty's exit, Mr. Hengler reappeared with corked face and attired like a swell "coon," and gave a song-and-dance called "Strawberries and Cream," in which he was speedily joined by his partner after a rapid change of costume and make-up. This new departure is entirely successful, and will undoubtedly enhance the reputation of these popular performers. Edwin French in banjo-songs and witticisms quickly won the favor of the audience, who seemed loth to part with him even after his countenances responses in several humorous songs; Miss Sangster, in slight duties conscientiously, being seen only in the first act; W. F. Owen, who made his first appearance on this stage, acted very commendably the character of the sergeant, who drills an awkward squad of militiamen at intervals during the third act—he was costumed and made up like a drill-sergeant

JENNIE HUGHES, supported by her own combination, can be engaged to appear in "The Fresh Boy." Miss Hughes will furnish the entire company, ballet, dresses, etc., with new and handsome printing and lithographs. C. L. Howard is her sole manager. See card for address.

JOHN E. OWENS, supported by Lotta, Don and Manager Ford's company, occupied the National Theatre, Washington, D. C., the past week, to medium-sized audiences. He appeared in "Our Boys," "Everybody's Friend," "Happiest Day of My Life," "Victims," "Forty Winks," "Dot," "Paul Pry," "Toodles," and a new version of "Solon Shingle," which he calls "Uncle Solon." He was effectively supported by the company. "Uncle Tom's Cabin" will be presented during the next two weeks by the stock company, thirty-four colored Madrigal boys, and one hundred colored Jubilee Singers. George De Sham will play Uncle Tom, and Blanche Ford Topsy. The Hess English opera Company follow, Oct. 21.

THE SEASON at the Richmond (Va.) Theatre was to have commenced Oct. 7 with Kate Putnam's troupe, to be followed by J. K. Emmet 14, and Max Maretzek's concerts 21; but these engagements have all been canceled. Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Florence, it is said, will commence the season Oct. 28.

MINNIE DOLL returns to New York with two new plays in February.

A PARTNER with capital is wanted by "Great Novelty" is a theatrical enterprise. See card.

MUSICAL.

MUSICAL SOUNDS FROM BOSTON, MASS.—A church musical association was formed in Wesleyan Hall Oct. 7 for the purpose of practice in church-singing, 246 persons joining. ..... J. B. Kendall's benefit concert at Forest Hill Gardens Oct. 2 was attended by about 5,000 people. Music was furnished by five bands, under the direction of Henry C. Brown..... Walter Emerson, the cornetist of Gilmore's Band, arrived at home in Melrose, Mass., Sept. 30, and the musical reception to be given in his honor will take place Oct. 7..... The Handel and Haydn Society commences its sixty-fourth season with its rehearsal 6..... The Berger Family Concert Company and Sol Smith Russell give a week's engagement in the music Hall, under Alfred P. Peck's management, commencing Sept. 7..... Prof. E. Perry the blind pianist, Miss Fanny Kellogg, Henry C. Brown, the Temple Quartet, and Samuel L. Studley give a concert at Tremont Temple 9..... The Chesney Brothers' Concert Company will be composed as follows: Miss Clara Upham, soprano; Miss Annie Guenther, contralto; Alexander M. Bell, tenor; J. E. Brand, baritone; Miss Lillian Chadwick, violinist; Thomas Mahoney, cornetist; George Chesney, humorist; and James W. Cheeney, pianist..... The Schubert Instrumental Club, composed of Charles N. Allen, solo violinist; Wulf Fries, solo violoncellist; William M. Kregel, violin and viola; Louis H. Samuels, flute and piccolo; Greenleaf W. Metcalf, viola and trombone; Rodney P. Wright, orchestral organ; and Mrs. E. Humphrey Allen, soprano, give a concert in Hanover, N. H., 10, and are announced in Salem, Mass. New Bedford, Melrose and Chelsea..... In connection with Professor Blodgett of Pittsfield, Mass., C. N. Allen and Wulf Fries will appear in Amherst in Northampton 9..... A series of sacred concerts will be given at the Boston Theatre, commencing 13, under the management of Henry Hunt, J. E. Sutter being in charge of the musical department.

THE MUSICAL SEASON in Chicago, Ill., was opened in the Tabernacle with concerts Sept. 30, Oct. 1, by the Kellogg-Cary Company. Mme. Rive-King failed to put in an appearance, owing to the dissatisfaction with Tabernacle management as to the manner in which she was billed. The attendance aggregated about 10 000..... A testimonial concert will be tendered Mrs. Florence Rice-Knox by her friends Oct. 8 at the Union Park Congregational Church..... Miss Jennie Kempton has accepted a position as vocal teacher on the staff of the Chicago Musical College.

A PIANIST is wanted for the Agnes Wallace-Villa Combination. See card.

THE BERGER FAMILY and Sol Smith Russell appeared at the Providence, R. I., Opera-house Oct. 3, 4, 5, to good-sized audiences.

THE BEETHOVEN SOCIETY of Atlanta, Ga., gave a concert for the benefit of the yellow-fever sufferers Sept. 27, which proved successful.

WILL L. THOMPSON has just written and published two new songs, "Alone To-night" and "Alone To-night" and "Little Thought for Me." Either will be sent free to professionals. See card.

HEYWOOD'S NEW YORK SERENADERS have been meeting with considerable success in the West, according to the press extracts published elsewhere. A double bass and tuba player and a comedian who can play brass are advertised for.

HOWORTH'S HIBERNICA was exhibited in Worcester, Mass., Oct. 4, 5, thence to Spencer 7, 8, West Brookfield 9, Warren 10, North Brookfield 11, 12, and Chicopee 14, 15.

THE sixth annual concert in the Academy of Music, Baltimore, Md., under the direction of Max Maretzek, was only partially successful the past week. The soloists were E. A. Stoddard, Adelaide Randall, Rose McGeachy, and Alonzo Hall. Mr. Randall takes a benefit 10. The same company remains another week.

.....Alvin Talbott has removed his headquarters for the sale of seats of the various places of amusements in the city to the more commodious building on North Charles street. Mr. Talbott has held this position, besides that of treasurer of the New Academy of Music, for a number of years.

A. E. VOOS, leader of orchestra and brass band, advertises for an engagement.

SMITH'S MUSICAL ALBUM No. 1, the first number of White, Smith & Co.'s new popular publication, is replete with popular selections both vocal and instrumental, some of the latest taking music being found in it, printed in good style.

THE KELLOGG CARY CONCERT TROUPE sang in St. James' Hall, Buffalo, N. Y., Oct. 4, Levy the cornetist appearing with them.

THE UNDERTAKERS of Henry A. Selbrecht and Margaret Cameron, who built the Offenbach Garden, Philadelphia, in 1876, held a meeting in that city on Oct. 2. The Offenbach Garden turned out to be a great failure, and is now used as a bone-grinding establishment. "Lalye," the French choral society, gave a concert at Association Hall 4, for the benefit of the yellow-fever victims..... August Wilhelmj, the German violinist, made his first appearance in Philadelphia at the Academy of Music, giving a matinee concert 5..... At the International Exhibition, Mme. Georgiana Harding, Miss Rosa Schlesinger, Max Friedman, J. Allsopp, and William Northcott were the soloists in a select concert 6..... The Mapleson Combination, including Marie Rose, Sig. Brignoli, and W. T. Carleton, will appear at the Academy of Music 7, the Kellogg-Cary Combination appearing at the same establishment 14.

IN CLEVELAND, O., at the Tabernacle, the Strakosch Opera Company gave a grand concert Oct. 3. Every available foot of room was occupied. The participants were Miss Kellogg and Miss Cary, Sig. Rosnati, Madame Maretzek, Madame Rive-King, and Levy the cornettist.

THE MCNEIL SISTERS' CONCERT COMBINATION, who performed in Concord, N. H., Oct. 5, are booked in Kent 7, Ravenna 8, Louisville 9, 10, Canton 11, Massillon 12.

G. H. ROWE of Boston has just published a minstrel opening chorus. Other music is also advertised by him elsewhere.

SPEAR & DEHNHOFF have some of the most taking serio comic songs in their list of new publications. See card.

"PARADE OF THE GUARD," "Killarney Fusileers," and "The Band in the Park" are the latest march-songs published by Harding. See card.

F. B. DOBSON, manager of the Wallace Sisters' Combination, calls the attention of agents and managers to the New Academy of Music, Rochester, Ind., which has just been completed; and in his card he also speaks highly of the encouragement first-class entertainments receive in that town. He recommends the Central House as a good stopping place.

HARRY RICHMOND'S COMPANY played in Marion, Ill., last week, and this week are to be in Mt. Vernon, both being fair weeks.

THE NEW ORLEANS DRAMATIC COMPANY, who played in Cobden, Ill., the past week, are to amuse the public of Duquoin this.

TONY DENIER'S "HUMPTY DUMPTY" TROUPE is billed in Harrisburg Pa., Oct. 7, Lancaster 8, Pottsville 9, Reading 10, Easton 11.

JOSEPH MURPHY and company played in Madison, Wis., Oct. 1, 2, and are billed in Chicago, Ill., 7, for one week, South Bend, Ind., 14, Toledo, O., 15, 16, Detroit, Mich., 17, 18, 19, Toronto, Ont., 21, for one week.

A FIRST-CLASS MAN and a first-class woman are wanted for the Wallace Sisters' Combination, and J. F. Johnson is invited to address F. B. Dobson, as per card.

IN TORONTO, ONT., at the grand Opera-house, George Fawcett Rowe and company played "Little Em'ly" Sept. 30, Oct. 1, 2; and the Fraser Pantomime troupe filled out the week. Kate Fisher opens 7, for one week..... At the Royal Opera-house Robert Butler's Pantomime Company was the attraction last week, and C. W. Barry opens 7.

MISS ADA CAVENDISH, supported by the company of the Grand Opera-house, Toronto, Ont., played in Hamilton, Sept. 30, Oct. 1, 2; St. Catherines 3, Syracuse, N. Y., 4, 5.

JOSEPH MURPHY closed a three nights' engagement in Milwaukee, Wis., Oct. 5. "Kerry Gow" was given 3; "Help," 4; and "Shaun Rhua," 5. Business large..... Rice's Surprise party is billed for next week.

A PRICE LIST of S. S. Stewart's specialty banjos and a description of each instrument can be found in our advertising department. Mr. Stewart states that each instrument is guaranteed, and no banjo is allowed to be shipped without being thoroughly tested.

THE LILLIPUTIAN OPERA COMPANY are to sing in Newark, O., Oct. 7, Zanesville 8, Wheeling, W. Va., 9, 10, Steubenville, O., 11, Newcastle, Pa., 12, Sharon 14, Erie 15, 16, Buffalo, N. Y., 17, 18, 19, Rochester 21, 22, 23, Syracuse 24, 25, 26.

THE MARIE ROZE MAPLESON CONCERT COMPANY, under engagement with Manager Mishler, are to sing in Lancaster, Pa., Oct. 9, Harrisburg 10, Easton 30, Reading Nov. 1.

MISHLER'S "WELSH LADY VOCAL QUARTET and eminent instrumental soloists are to begin their rope dance tour in Chicago, Ill., Nov. 1. They will visit the principal towns of Illinois Wisconsin, Minnesota and Iowa.

DICK OULESBY'S HELLRINGERS played in Cobden, Ill., Sept. 28, 30, Murphysboro Oct. 1, 2, Chester 3, 4, Pinckneyville, 5, and are to be in Coulterville 7, New Athens 8, Freeburg 9, Belleville 10.

"COLONEL BLUE FROM KALAMAZOO" is the title of a military song published by White, Smith & Co. of Boston.

BANJO MUSIC can be purchased of the Dime Banjo Music Co., whose address find in another department.

VARIETY HALLS.

CINCINNATI VARIETY ADVICES to Oct. 4, through our regular correspondent, run as appended: "Sid. C. France, Little Rosebud, and Banker and Mills were the new people at Heuck's Sept. 30. Little Rosebud, a mite of a vocalist and dancer, achieved a decided success, and the musical sketches of Banker and Mills were first-class. Departures: 'Punch' Walton, St. Louis; Sid. C. France, Bradford, Pa. Opening 7: Hernandez Foster and the spectacle of 'The Twelve Temptations,' the Clinetop Sisters, Cora Vance and Hartley Thompson..... The Victorellis (Henry and Edon) on the trapese; Annie Braddon, vocalist; Smith and Byrne, musical comedians; Foreman and Gallagher, songs-and-dances; and Johnny Smith, banjoist, were the specialty people who opened at the Coliseum 30. Biz good. Departures: Iferd Sisters, Indianapolis; Smith and Byrne, the Victorellis, and Annie Braddon, all for Detroit; Foreman and Gallagher and Johnny Smith, E. T. Stetson's new dramatic star, goes to St. Louis. Opening 7: Pauline Markham, Cellini Ballet, J. C. Murphy, Charles Perham, Mlle. Zoe and Louise Murio. .....Variety entertainments were resumed at the Grand Central 30, with a company consisting of George Derious, comedian; Lizzie Derious, song-and-dancer; May Winans, vocalist; Mr. Gonzales and Gonzales, gymnasts; Searles Brothers, song-and-dance; Ed. Barry, motto-vocalist; Mason and Wesley, song-and-dance; Patti Jerome, danseuse; Corry Sisters, vocalists; the Springers, duets; Eva Bennett, serio-comic; Allie Smith, song-and-dance; Ben Brown, jiggist and comedian; Ada Foy, soubrette; and Johnny Morrissey. The latter is now sole lessee, with Harry Leslie as stage-manager. Biz moderate. Mr. Leslie was somewhat injured to-day by being struck by a falling curtain. Departures: Ben Brown, St. Louis; George and Lizzie Derious, Louisville; Matthews and Gonzales, New York; May Winans, Cleveland; Springers, Chicago; Searles Brothers, Texas; Corry Smith, Pittsburg; Corry Sisters, Indianapolis; Mason and Wesley, Fort Wayne; and Patti Jerome. Opening 7: John and Emma Whitney, Edna Wellington, Belle Estelle, the 'London Sensation' Combination, and John T. Hinds, supported by T. J. Nolan and a dramatic company in 'The Shaughaun.'..... The Victoria Loftus Blondes follow the Hess English people 30 at the White House comprised the Boyd Brothers, song-and-dance; the four Hamilton Sisters, songs and specialties; Murphy and Fletcher, German and Irish acts; John Welsh, comedian; Billy Mendel, Dutch song-and-dance; Verona Carroll, vocalist; and Jessie Adams, serio-comic. Biz good. Departures: Andy Armstrong, Billy Mendel, Lizzie Barrett and Verona Carroll. Arrivals not announced. .....The Olympic passed into the hands of Freeman and Oates 30. The company there embraces Hattie Ellis and troupe of dogs; Jennie Oates, songs and jigs; Ella Estelle, vocalist; Ada Mortimer, serio-comic; Helene Wentworth, change artist; Andy Amann, musical act; Charles Gallagher, Charles A. Grear, and Ned Campbell, comedians. Mr. Campbell is stage-manager. Business reported good..... Under the efficient stage-management of Johnny Nichols, the Eldorado is doing well. Departures: The Nelsons, Terre Haute; Billy Allen, Pittsburg; Louise Bliss, Indianapolis; Ollie Audley and Effie De Rock. Opening 7: Rose and Sumner, Goldie Mitchell, Glenn Sisters, and Billy Scott..... The O'Neill Brothers, Barney Reardon, Frank Walter, Julie Ernest, Inez Mitchell, Kate Crusoe, Kitty Kerr, and the Hall Sisters are at the John-street Garden..... James Duffey, Joe Kelley, John Devere, George Morton, Joe Sheridan, Leonard and Flynn, Myers and Cassidy, Billy Nugent, Kitty Wells, Gracie May, Winnie Golden, Florence Hamilton, and Little Pearl are at Ryan's Music Hall..... Lew Collins of the Collins Brothers passed through to-day, en route to New York..... John Reilly is in town. ..... The Cellini Combination played in Dayton 1 and 2 to bad business, and then gave up their tour and returned here..... Schickling's Academy of Music closed 30..... Marsh Adams, stage-manager of the White House, has given a canvas show each day this week at the Hamilton fair, his company being "Punch" Walton, Louisa Bliss, Hamilton Sisters, Irene Vincent, Billy Allen, James Dalton, and Charles Adams."

CHARLES L. DAVIS and Emma Vern made a success in their drama of "On the Sly" in New Central Theatre, Baltimore, Md., drawing excellent business at each performance last week. The variety incidental to the drama embraced the Arnold Brothers in triple clog; Murphy and Morton, Irish specialists; Otto Burbank, Ethiopian comedian; an excellent ballet under the direction of Frankie Christie, with Irene Santella, Ida Siddon and Louise Stetson as chief support; Emma Vern, vocalist; and Lulu Delmay and H. R. Archer in society sketches. Departures 5: Lulu Delmay and H. R. Archer, to New York. Billed for 7: Baughman and Hume and the Moore Sisters..... At Nachman's Front street Theatre the attendance was not as good as that of the previous week. The arrivals Sept. 30 were Two M. Gallagher, Irish vocalist; Nettie Thorne, serio-comic; Levantine and Earle, acrobats; Lizzie Brandt, song-and-dance lady, lately of the ballet; Mattie and Alice Stuart in songs and lightning changes; Mayo and Fash, song-and-dance; John M. Turner, banjoist; Mons. Leopold, horizontal-bar performer, and in his act of holding a cannon with his teeth and having a charge discharged. Georgina Smithson, serio-comic; Blanche Dixon, motto-songs; Raymond and Murphy, Irish songs-and-dances; Eugenia Lupo, Belle Clifton and Louise De Luial in fancy dances. The drama of "The Child-stealer" closed the bill, with Bertie Wagwood as Jane Rutherford. Departures 5: Nettie Thorne, Stuart Sisters, Mons. Leopold and Georgina Smithson, to Pittsburg; M. Gallagher and Levantie and Earle, to Washington; Mayo and Fash, to Buffalo; John M. Turner, Boston; Blanche Dixon, Hartford, Ct.; Raymond and Murphy, Newark, N. J.; and Mlle. Lupo, New York. For 7: B. W. Wallace, Reilaw and Alton, Cummings and Hines, Jarvis and Susie Dillon, Sam Hindes and Mlle. Josephine, Ada Stanwood and Charles H. Stanley. The press of this city are concerning themselves about the money that accrued from the benefit Sept. 23 for the yellow fever sufferers, which has not been turned into the Mayor's office yet, as has been Mr. Ford's and Mr. Albaugh's..... Kitty Sheppard was well received at the Odeon; her songs are all new, and she sings them with freshness and spirit. Lydia and James Sheeran, sketch-artists, were the only other arrivals. Business good. Departures 5: Sam Lang and Dolly Sharpe, to New York; Minnie Rainforth and Dan Rogers, to Washington. Arrivals 7: The Martinetti Troupe, Belle Gabrielle, Belle Fairmont, and Goldie, Steele and Sallie St. Clair..... The arrivals at the Coliseum were Wm. Baker, Charles Fisher, Dan Sully, Goodwin and Merrien, and Amy Howard. Business fair. Departures 5: Marie Hallet and Dan Sully and Amy Howard, to New York. Letter of Oct. 6.

TONY PASTOR and company occupied the Howard Athenæum, Boston, Mass., the past week, and appeared to a succession of overcrowded houses, it being one of the best engagements ever fulfilled by this company in Boston. They will be in Providence, R. I., 7, Worcester 8, Holyoke 9, Springfield 10, New Haven, Ct., 11, Newark, N. J., 12..... Business has been good at the Boyiston Museum, the performances including the sketch of "Pigs in Clover," by Mr. and Mrs. Rose Melville. Harry Franklin introduced their specialty of the art of self-defense; jig and reel dancing by Kelly and O'Brien; Signor Baptistien's ballet corps in "The Judgment of Paris;" singing and dancing specialties by Jerry Cohan; a change act by Little Ned; Irish illosyncracies by Gibbons and Louise Stetson as chief support; Emma Vern, vocalist; and Lulu Delmay and H. R. Archer in society sketches. Departures 5: Lulu Delmay and H. R. Archer, to New York. Billed for 7: Baughman and Hume and the Moore Sisters..... At Nachman's Front street Theatre the attendance was not as good as that of the previous week. The arrivals Sept. 30 were

RATES.

SUBSCRIPTION.—Per annum, in advance, $4; six months, $2; three months, $1, including postage to any part of the United States. Foreign postage extra. Single copies 10 cents each. No deduction to clubs or agents.

ADVERTISEMENTS.—Agate type measure, 14 lines to an inch.—Department notices, cooled from and credited to other journals, 30 cents per line, the same notices to be inserted once only. Advertisements under the head of AMUSEMENTS, 15 cents per line; Miscellaneous and Sporting Advertisements, 20 cents per line—for each and every insertion. A deduction of 20 per cent. from these rates will be made for advertisements when paid for three months in advance by the advertiser. Advertising agents are not allowed this or any other deduction further than their regular commission. Cuts and displayed type in advertisements charged at the same rates for space occupied.

OUR TERMS ARE CASH.—Advertisements to be paid for at the time of insertion.

THE CLIPPER is issued every Tuesday morning. The first, fourth, fifth and eighth pages GO TO PRESS ON SATURDAY, and the second, third, sixth and seventh pages on Monday evening. Advertisements intended for the outside pages should reach us not later than noon on Saturday, and all favors should reach us early on Monday to insure their insertion in that week's issue.

ADVERTISEMENTS SENT BY TELEGRAPH must reach here not later than 6 P. M. on Monday.

TO AVOID LOSS, when remitting money by mail, we would advise our patrons to register their letters or procure Post-office orders. Make all orders payable to and address all communications

FRANK QUEEN,
Editor and Proprietor,
P. O. Box 3,860, or CLIPPER BUILDING,
88 and 90 Centre street, New York.

THE CLIPPER is for sale in LONDON, ENGLAND, at the American Exchange, 449 Strand, Charing Cross, W. C.

A CARD.

IN REPLY TO E. M. HALL'S LAST STATEMENT.

I give the following facts: I positively gave Mr. Hall lessons on the banjo at my office in Boston, and am prepared to MAKE AFFIDAVIT TO THE SAME IF NECESSARY at any moment. Mr. Hall states that "I never was a success on the stage." As to that, the public can judge from the following:

N. Y. CLIPPER.

GEO. C. DOBSON, one of the well-known Dobson Brothers of banjo celebrity, closed a week's engagement at the City Museum Theatre, Philadelphia, on the 10th inst. We were present on the 9th, when Mr. Dobson performed a variety of popular airs on the banjo to the delight of the audience then present. It was the first time we had listened to the playing of this gentleman, although we have heard nearly if not quite all the great players in this country. We have no hesitation in pronouncing him, in our opinion, equal to any other player in America; his touch is easy, graceful and true; he produces a pure tone, whether in the higher or lower register, and in subdued passages his notes are as clear and musical as those given out by the light guitar when touched by the fingers of a skillful player; his execution is remarkable, his fingers running all over the banjo with an accuracy which few other players have ever attained. In a word, Geo. C. Dobson is a master of the instrument, and, in our judgment, is excelled by no other player. The audience were profuse in their enthusiastic applause, and gave him the compliment of an encore. He appeared in white face.

BOSTON HERALD.

MR. GEO. C. DOBSON'S performance on the banjo at the St. James Theatre was the finest we have ever had the pleasure of listening to.

THE FOLLOWING PROFESSIONAL TESTIMONIALS EXPLAIN THEMSELVES:

BOSTON THEATRE, July 15, 1871.

MR. WILLIAM ASHCROFT presents his compliments to Mr. Geo. C. Dobson for his careful attention and kindness during his term of instruction upon the banjo.
[A copy.]

GEO. C. DOBSON, ESQ.—Dear Sir: I thank you kindly for all the pains and attention you have given me on the banjo, and can assure you I have profited much by your instruction. You are at liberty to use my name as a recommendation. Very respectfully, LOTTA.
[A copy.]

HOWARD VARIETY THEATRE, Boston, Mass.

MR. GEO. C. DOBSON is the best teacher and performer on the banjo. I received lessons from him, and use one of his instruments. SAM. DEVERE.
[A copy.]

HOWARD ATHENÆUM, Dec. 2, 1868.

I cheerfully recommend MR. GEO. C. DOBSON, the king of the banjo, a great teacher; nothing can approach his new simplified system JAMES GAYNOR, Banjoist.
[A copy.]

I cheerfully recommend those desirous of learning the banjo for the stage or home amusement to Mr. Geo. C. Dobson. He is a reliable and patient teacher.
E. M. HALL,
[A copy.] Banjoist and Comedian, Howard Athenæum.

GEO. C. DOBSON, 1,139 Washington street:

Dear Sir: I thank you for your patience and perseverance while teaching me the banjo, and highly recommend your banjos as the best for stage or parlor use.
Yours always, ELLA CHAPMAN.
ST. JAMES THEATRE.

GEO. C. DOBSON.—Having tried all banjos by recognized makers, I pronounce yours the best for stage or parlor use. I am using all them in preference to all others. I acknowledge you a perfect master of the instrument, your method being easy, sure and correct.
[A copy] BILLY CARTER.
July 1, 1876.

I cheerfully recommend anyone desirous of getting a banjo, for either stage or home amusements, to have Geo. C. Dobson's stage and solo Banjo. ED. S. PEAK,
[A copy.] Peak Family Bellringers.
BALTIMORE, MD., Feb. 8, 1876.

MR. GEO. C. DOBSON:

Dear Sir: I can scarcely find words to express my admiration of the elegant banjo that you sent me. It is the most beautiful in style and finish and the most effective and finely toned instrument of the kind that I ever saw. In regard to your books of instruction, I hear but one opinion from all—they are the best and safest guides on this continent. With many thanks,

I remain, with great respect,
Your obedient, humble servant,
MILTON BURNETTE.

In conclusion, I would quietly add that I am not using any name for capital, or to extend my reputation, as the names of Dobson and Dobson Bros. are indelibly attached to the Banjo. The name of one has ONLY to be uttered to suggest to the mind the other, thus: Dobson Banjo, Banjo Dobson. The sum total of Mr. Hall's animus can be made up in a few words, viz., PROFESSIONAL JEALOUSY.
GEORGE C. DOBSON,
29-1t of Boston.

NOTICE TO PROFESSIONAL SINGERS.

WM. L. Thompson, author of the ever-popular song and chorus "Gathering Shells from the Sea-shore," has just written and published two new and beautiful songs, which are considered the prettiest ever sung on the stage. If you are looking for something new and striking, send for these:

"HOMELESS AND ALONE TO-NIGHT," Song and Chorus, price 40c.
"CAST ONE LITTLE THOUGHT FOR ME," Song and Chorus, price 40c.

We will send these songs FREE to traveling professionals who will show us they are such by mailing us a programme of their entertainment. W. L. THOMPSON & CO., East Liverpool, O. 29-2t

SCENIC ARTIST.—W. LANGRIDGE, FROM LONDON, ENGLAND, at liberty for season or contract. Address care of McVicker's Theatre, Chicago. 29-3t*

PARLOR AND OTHER ROOMS handsomely furnished for gentlemen or for light housekeeping. Rent low. Inquire at COHEN'S FURNISHING GOODS STORE, 184 Bowery, near Spring street. 29-1t*

THE GREATEST SUCCESS EVER KNOWN IN ERIE, PA.
DIEFENBACH'S GRAND CENTRAL HOUSES CROWDED NIGHTLY.
PHIL DIEFENBACH,
25-1t* Proprietor.

ELM CITY VARIETIES, NEW HAVEN, CT.
Always openings for first-class talent. Write and get a date. ROBERT WARRING, Manager,
29-1t* 449 State street.

WANTED IMMEDIATELY— LADIES, SONG-AND-DANCE, AND SERIO-COMICS, AT CARTER'S VARIETIES, WEST TROY, N. Y. Salary low, but sure. Address N. CARTER, Proprietor. BURT QUEEN, Stage-manager. 29-1t*

COLLINS' HALL, ADAMS, MASS., with scenery, gas. Accommodates 600; 200 reserved seats; 8,000 inhabitants; manufacturing town. Parties wanting address ISAAC COLLINS, Adams, Mass. 20-13t*

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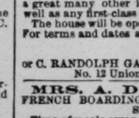

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S. S. STEWART'S
BANJO MUSICAL STUDIO,
No. 833 RACE STREET, PHILADELPHIA, PA.
PRICE-LIST OF STEWART BANJOS.
No. 6.—German-silver rim, 18 nickel-plated mountings (made expressly for these banjos), nickel-plated hoop, beveled out along inside top so hooks cannot touch head, walnut staff, very handsomely finished, 19 inches in length, black rosewood finger-board, 22 raised frets (or plain, if so ordered), finest American strings, very brilliant in tone; price, only $25. No. 7.—German-silver rim, 16 polished brass mountings set into hoop, walnut staff, rosewood veneered, finely polished, very fine tone, reduced to $20.
No. 8.—German-silver rim, 12 inches in diameter, 20-inch staff of walnut, beautifully polished, black rosewood veneered, 22 raised frets or plain, as ordered, 20 nickel-plated mountings and hoops, all of the finest workmanship, tone loud, brilliant and elastic—in short, the finest professional banjo ever produced, and sold at the very low, hard-times price of $30. A German-silver plate, with purchaser's name engraved, put on any banjo ordered, for $1.50 extra. A deposit must accompany all orders. Make no remittance without registering letter. It is always best to send P. O. money-order. New circulars furnished, and also any information desired, on receipt of stamp to pay return postage. Banjo songs and solos by regular music or ear-method at all times on hand, and for sale at reasonable prices. Everything sent out from this establishment is guaranteed just as represented, the rule being to have no dissatisfied customers. No banjo is allowed to be shipped without being thoroughly tested and warranted perfect in tone.*

TO MANAGERS OF VARIETY THEATRES.
THIS IS TO CER